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## A WORD ON FINAL CAUSES.

BY THOMAS HILL, D. D.

It is the fashion with certain modern writers to depreciate the argument from design, as used in Natural Theology. Some of them assume the existence of God, and some carefully avoid the assumption; but in either case they deny man's ability to discover the end or purpose of anything in creation. This denial is not unfrequently made in the supposed interest of religion. It is said that Faith asks no evidence, but is itself the evidence of things not seen; and furthermore that the attempt to adduce evidence in support of Faith has rather the tendency to weaken Faith and to make the truths of natural religion a matter of uncertain inference.

But this seems to me to be making an unwarrantable separation between Faith and other matters of instinctive belief. Faith, in this sense of belief, without evidence, must signify the instinctive apprehension of religion,—the intuition of religious things. In deciding upon the relation between this intuition and the understanding, we may gain light from a comparison with other intuitions.

I have taken great interest in watching very young children, and in some instances am sure that I have seen them show from the hour of birth an unwillingness to be alone, a craving for society; that is, a recognition of life in the mother

and nurse, and a craving for their sympathy, just as unmistakably as they show the instinct for the breast. When the child is a few weeks old, and before it can ever by feeling have perceived any likeness between its own features and those of other human beings, it tries to imitate movements of the eyes, nose, and mouth, or to touch its own ear, chin, forehead, etc., on seeing another person make those movements. From these and similar facts, I am forced to believe that the child has instincts which presuppose the existence of other men, and infallibly develop the knowledge of its own likeness to men.

These instinctive faiths and appetites are the real foundation of our belief in the existence of other men, and of our own likeness to them in those parts of our own body which we cannot see, nor even handle, — in the viscera, for example. Yet this does not hinder us from confirming, illustrating, and making clearer our knowledge of human nature through observation and experiment. All our knowledge, in fact, in every department of thought, is built on the double basis of instinctive consciousness and of experiential observation. Observation alone gives us nothing but isolated states of sensation or feeling, it is the flash of a *priori* thought that can alone bind these isolated impressions into a truth.

So it appears to me that human nature has an instinctive feeling of kindred to the divine nature; this instinct is the primary cause and indispensable condition of religious beliefs; its existence is avouched by the existence of religious beliefs in all nations and in all ages, and by the difficulty with which the pantheist and the atheist free themselves from habits of religious expression. But the existence of this religious instinct does not hinder us from confirming, illustrating, and making clearer our knowledge of the divine nature through observation and experience. It is true, as was stated very forcibly by Scotus Erigena, that human thought cannot comprehend God, nor human language define him; no affirmation concerning him is adequate, even to our poor conceptions of him. Nevertheless, we know that he is, and our instinctive faith that he is implies some apprehension of

his attributes. No man can by searching find out altogether what God is; but, on the other hand, no man can know that he is, without knowing, *to some extent*, what he is. We know, at least, that he has the three attributes of Wisdom, Power, and Love. We cannot define these attributes sharply, because God's wisdom transcends the power of our intellect; his power transcends the force of our will and our imagination, and his love is without the adoration which mingles in our love toward him, and without the sympathy that mingles in our love to man. But neither can we deny these attributes to him without denying his existence. They are as essential to our thought of God as dimensions to our thought of space, or resistance to our idea of matter.

Moreover, the instincts of the human soul lead us to connect these attributes with the conduct of nature. What can we mean by God's power, if we do not mean the energy which guides the stars and planets in their courses, which manifests itself in winds and waves, and storms and earthquakes, and in the evolution of the violet from the sod, and of the living creature from the egg, and which inspires in us our powers of thought and feeling and action? Deny me the right to say that any of these are instances of God's power, and you deny me the right to attribute power to God in any sense intelligible to me.

Or what can we mean by God's love, if we do not mean the goodness displayed in the adaptation of the universe to human needs, and in the inspiration in all creatures of those instincts, tastes, appetites, and affections which make life a pleasure and a blessing. John Stuart Mill may be wrong in his philosophy (as he seems to me), but he is right in saying that if God is not good in this sense of the word, he is good in no sense intelligible to men.

In like manner, what can be the meaning of calling God all-wise, if we do not refer to the wonderfully complex and beautiful thoughts which he has developed in the universe? The order of nature is rational, is intelligible, — it conforms to our *a priori* thought; not rigidly, as if from a mechanical necessity, but with sufficient closeness to indicate that the

conformity comes from the free action of a Spirit to whom that *a priori* idea was present, as the model for his deed. If I may not refer to the wonderful harmonies of the universe as evidences and illustrations of the wisdom of God, then the wisdom of God becomes a phrase entirely without meaning to my mind. Yet the writers alluded to in the beginning of this article inform us that we cannot, by the study of nature, discover *any* of the purposes of God. If we distinguish some purposes as good, — is their argument, — then we must admit that in cases of suffering or sin, where we do not see the good, the purpose may be evil; in other words, to profess to find the purposes of God in special cases allows us to make him a God of mixed attributes, good and evil; for good and evil are both present in the world.

I protest against this argument, premises and deduction. If I claim to have discovered a law in mechanics, I do not thereby claim to have discovered all mechanical laws, much less do I claim to have discovered all chemical or physiological or moral laws. The discovery of a natural law is the unveiling of a part of the thoughts of God. The universe is the embodiment of the word of God, whose eternal power and divine attributes are, as St. Paul declares, made intelligible to men, through the outward creation. The various natural sciences, as they stand in our human literature, are man's attempts at rendering or interpreting this speech of God into human language. But science in its strictness, positive science so called, attempts to confine itself, as it were, to the mere grammar and rhetoric of this speech without feeling its ultimate spirit and meaning. It asks How? without asking Whence? or Why? And some men would have the human mind remain contented with this very partial exposition of God's communications to us in nature. But why? The scientific order is not to most minds so attractive as the spiritual or æsthetic expression of the phenomena. The botanist and chemist may reduce the petals of the rose to the phyllotactic arrangement, and analyze the ottar into the three vegetable organogens, but the majority of us find a higher spiritual joy in the fragrance and beauty of the rose. A sensible man



would not blame, but rather praise, the majority in this. Why, then, should we blame them if they felt also gratitude to God that he gave the rose to man? And why should we blame the man of science if his gratitude be increased, and his faith in God's wisdom strengthened, on discovering that the rosaceous plants were not introduced on earth until the age of man, on discovering that the phyllotactic arrangement of leaves is repeated in the distribution of planets in the sky, and on discovering that the fragrance of flowers hovers round them and protects them from the chill of the night more effectually than a thousand times the bulk of matter could do in any other form.

Socrates, according to Xenophon, argued for the being of a wise Creator, from the adaptation of the eye to its uses. The argument would not be rendered invalid, were we to admit, what seems to me, the fanciful and wild hypothesis of Darwin concerning the gradual perfecting of the eagle's eye from that of some lower and undeveloped creature, whose eye was merely a nervous spot sensitive to light. The eagle's eye, with its perfect powers and adaptations, could have grown from that sensitive spot only because in the sensitive spot lay the whole idea of the perfect eye, sketched out, hidden from mortal vision, but clear in its Maker's sight, waiting to be developed in his own time. In the perfected eye there is a rational and intelligible adaptation of parts, the *origin* of which, and the *purpose* of which are not to be explained by any possible mode of explaining *how*, or in *what manner*, the development of the eye took place. No matter how the thought was embodied, the thought is embodied, and therefore first existed, in a mind, and this thought was for the fulfilment of a purpose; the eye was exquisitely adapted to the nature of light, and to the instincts of the eagle, that he might behold his prey afar off.

Now when I say that the eye was made for seeing, I say what is evident, and what is conceded by the vast majority, of clear thinkers, who once admit that God exists. I doubt whether any man, provided he is really a theist, can help admitting to himself that this is the purpose of the eye.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose delightful poems have frequently a semi-pantheistic tone, nevertheless assumes in his "Rhodora," as an axiom, that "eyes were made for seeing." But if we admit this, it does not follow that the cataract was made to prevent seeing, nor does it follow that we can ever find out for what the cataract is made. Who can refuse, unless bewildered by sophistries, who can refuse to admit that legs were made for walking, and wings for flying, and fins for swimming? Yet who will pretend that he understands the purpose of paralysis, or of the gout, — of the short wings of the penguin, or the long fins of the flying-fish?

No; we may certainly read a part of God's thought, without reading all; know, for example, how he makes a rose-beetle grow out of a grub, without knowing what he makes a cucumber-beetle grow from; and we may reverently read part of his purposes, without reading all; know, for example, why he gave us teeth, without knowing why he gave us toothache; why he gave a tear-duct to the nostrils, without knowing why he occasionally allows it to become stopped. Even in affirming that we cannot know his purposes, we imply that we do know one of his purposes; for any absolute and inexorable limit of our thought must have been affixed by him, — if we acknowledge that he is.

The direction, therefore, sometimes given, to avoid and distrust any scientific man who thinks he has discovered a purpose of God, is a false direction. As many valuable discoveries have been made by Galens and Cuviers, by Keplers and Newtons and Descartes, who reverently sought to interpret the mind and purpose of God, as have ever been made by Anaximanders or Laplaces or Lacroixs, who have sought only purely logical expositions of the invariable sequence of phenomena. Warn scientific men, and all other men, to be cautious and to be reverent in the study of God's truth, and not to be puffed up with the conceit that they know all, when they know very little; but do not tell them that they can know nothing of God's purposes, unless you also tell them that they can know nothing of his thought. It is his plan, or his thought, to put a stomach, a liver, and a spleen in

the human body. If we admit the existence of a Creator at all, we admit that this was a part of his thought. It seems to me equally evident that we can say truthfully, "I know the purpose of God in making the stomach more clearly than I understand his purpose in making the liver; I understand his purpose in making the liver more clearly than his purpose in making the spleen; and his purpose in making the spleen more perfectly than his purpose in making gall-stones or diabetes. Our knowledge of these diseases and their purpose is vastly less than our knowledge of the main purpose of digestion, and our knowledge of the function of digestion is incomplete and susceptible of large increase in the hands of faithful students." What there is either irreverent or unscientific or untrue in such a statement of man's knowledge of God's purposes, I cannot see; and the rebuke of such statements as presumptuous and irreverent, seems to me flippant and frivolous.

Among the ineradicable instincts of our nature, is one which leads us to distinguish between right and wrong, as decidedly as between true and false. There is a sense of obligation, of duty, which forces a man to say I ought. But if we attempt to analyze the ideas which underlie this sense of obligation, we shall find ourselves compelled, I think, with Jouffroy, to admit the existence of a universal moral order, bearing somewhat the same relation to the will that truth does to the mind. And as God has made the universe of matter in conformity with those *a priori* mathematical ideas or truths, which his inspiration enables us to see in space and time, so has he made the moral universe in conformity with this universal order which his inspiration enables us to see belonging to the world of spirit. Right, therefore, becomes, for us, coincident with God's purpose; just as truth is, for us, coincident with God's thought. In other words, as the philosopher must look to the natural world for God's thought, and finds in the attempt to read that thought the only method by which he can stimulate and arouse his mind to the pursuit and perception of abstract and *a priori* truth, so must the moralist look to the social world for the

indication of God's purposes as the only method by which he can practically learn what is right and wrong. To deny that we can discover God's purposes, is to deny that we can have any foundations for moral distinctions, other than the blind instinct which rouses our indignation at gross crimes, or our admiration at peculiar virtue. The moment that the question of right and wrong is raised concerning anything not thus glaringly wicked, or splendidly heroic, we must argue from the manifest intent and purpose of the Deity, and acknowledge that his will as manifested in creation is our only natural standard of law, our only test of right and wrong, — taking, of course, our own instinctive emotions as a part of creation indicating his will.

I have seen somewhere, recently, an appeal to Christians to beware of citing any gifts of Providence as tokens of God's goodness, lest we should be compelled to cite the ills of life as instances of his malevolence. Of course we believe that the sufferings and the joys of human life are alike the appointments of Divine Love. But if both are the gifts of Divine Goodness, then each is ; and where can be the harm of seeing and feeling that one is, while we acknowledge that the other equally is, the gift of love, only that we cannot see its whole meaning? It is in vain for those who would limit religious thought to attempt to sublime away all anthropomorphism from religion. The only possibility of thought concerning God arises from the fact that we are made in his image ; that we recognize in nature the counterpart to our own thought, and call that recognition science ; that we recognize in nature the counterpart to our own kindness, and call this a recognition of Providence, a filial love and trust. This recognition is, of course, stimulated by instinctive longings and upward yearnings which thus alone learn to interpret their own meaning.

Some Christians ascribe this idea of the Divine Goodness solely to revelation. But one ground of my firm faith in the Christian revelation lies in its conformity to my *a priori* ideas of what is right and becoming to a revelation from God. To deny to man *all* power of original thought and in-

sight in spiritual and religious matters, is also to make revelation impossible. A messenger from God could not, without a spiritual, subjective miracle wrought in his hearers, gain any credence if he did not, like our Lord, appeal to men to judge even of themselves what is right. And it is to me one of the very curious intellectual phenomena of our day, that some men calling themselves Christians deny all faith in Christ as an authority, and others, clinging to the same name, deny all faith in the religious axioms or fundamental postulates to which he continually appealed.

As we are born with instinctive faith in human nature and in our own humanity, called into conscious activity by contact with men, so are we born with instinctive faith in God and in our likeness to him; and this faith is called into conscious activity by contact with nature, or by the word of Jesus Christ, even without any distinct logical argument or form of inference. The soul thirsts for God; the intellect cannot be satisfied with the finite; the heart dares not lean on less than an almighty arm; it longs to rest upon the conviction that unerring Wisdom and unbounded Love govern all earthly changes. But this religion of the heart, this vision within the soul of the heavenly things to which we are heirs, does not render arguments drawn from external nature impertinent. Those arguments, like the historical evidences of Christianity, are rather confirmations and illustrations, than proofs, of religious truth. The highest proof of the truth of the Gospel, and of its main doctrines, is the instant echo which the Word from heaven awakens in the human breast. Yet as our Lord himself confirmed his Word, and made it more living and effective, by illustrations drawn from the providence of God, we, also, may reverently seek to read the Book of Nature, with Jesus himself as an interpreter.

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In the mind renewed after the image in which it was created the divine order is already begun, — the key-note of the harmony to which God will in the end reduce all his works is already struck.

## THE "PANOPLIST" ON MIRACLES.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE "Panoplist" for March has an article in reply to us from which we extract the following:—

"Mr. Sears informs us that there are *some* acts of God which cannot be brought under any rule of beneficence, operating for the highest good."

Begging our critic's pardon, we have made no such strange assertion. We stated *that* as a fair and logical inference from our critic's own doctrine, and showing its falsity and absurdity. *He* says that a miracle is "a direct act of God *setting aside all law.*" Law, we said, is *beneficence acting by rule.* It is our critic's doctrine, then, not ours, that there are *some* acts of God—namely, miracles—which cannot be brought under any rule of beneficence.

A correspondent of the "Panoplist" takes up the subject, and his article opens thus:—

"Is Omniscience necessary to discern the proof of the performance of miracles? This surprising ground is taken by one of our contemporaries."

We have taken no such surprising ground, nor anything like it. It was a *false theory* of miracles which we argued against. The ground we took was, that since law, as defined by the best authorities, is the infinite order of the universe, only Omniscience can comprehend that infinite order, and if a miracle *sets aside all law*, only Omniscience is competent to see it. It is not miracles which we say cannot be proved, but this absurd *philosophy* of miracles; and we showed it by reasoning which the writer has not touched at all.

The writer goes on:—

"He [i. e., Mr. Sears] thinks the laws of nature are universal and cannot be counteracted even by the personal God who made them."

We think no such thing, and have said no such thing, but exactly the contrary. Instead of making "the laws of nature" universal, or the only laws that exist, we spoke of the Divine Laws as pervading *mind or matter, the spiritual world or the natural*, they being the highest and most beneficent order according to which God governs his universe. The writer goes on and asserts substantially the same thing:—

"If there is a mental signification in nature, *its operations may be governed by mental laws*; and mental laws, though they overpass material ones, are provable to mental beings."

Nature — or this lowest platform of being — is but a small portion of the universe. Its order is always subject to a higher order. The nature-world is but the dress and symbolization of a spirit-world in which there is the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, the latter of which, Paul says, contains things which cannot be described. What we call natural law is the order and sequence of natural change, but always under the supreme order, the higher or spiritual laws controlling the lower or natural ones, and being fulfilled in them and through them. Under this view, the miracles of the New Testament become not only provable, but exceedingly credible. Christ came not to break law but to fulfil all law, and make it "come full circle;" not to disturb the supreme order, but to preserve it; and hence with his advent there was an influx of power through nature itself, making it obsequious to his will. Orthodoxy ignores one of its own fundamental doctrines when it makes the work of Christ "setting aside all law" instead of the fulfilment of all law.

The writer goes on to argue against Strauss and Baur in the "startling" interpretations of the Bible which exemplify their principles. He gives these instances as if fairly resulting from *our* doctrine of miracles. This would be very uncandid, were it not plainly a misapprehension. Strauss and Baur — one actually, the other impliedly — deny the existence of a supernatural world. The nature-world with them is the only one. Hence they deny all the miracles of the Bible, or



explain them away. Believing just the opposite, we affirm them as antecedently credible, since they consist — as seen from a higher view-point — with that law “whose seat is the bosom of God, and whose voice the harmony of the world.”

As to pantheism, which is a softer name for atheism, our view has not the remotest affiliation with it. It is not denying the divine personality, but asserting it, when we say that God does not govern the universe by caprice, but always according to his own divine and beneficent order. Do we deny a man's personality when we say that his “every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves,” instead of acting by fits and jerks? No, we only deny that he is a bad man or a lunatic.

“If the occasions of his government require it,” says our critic, “God may lay aside the drapery of nature.” Undoubtedly. The most stupendous miracle we conceive of was the creation of nature, the unrolling of all this wonderful panorama. But it was not by a sudden and arbitrary jerk of power, but in fulfilment of the infinite and all beautiful order. And suppose all this drapery should be laid aside again, and we — pigmies that we are — should be looking on? Should we be competent to testify that God was violating the infinite laws of order, and not fulfilling a higher order than we had fathomed? The Hand that unrolled nature could roll it up again when it had accomplished the end of its creation, and to Him with whom a world is but a speck, and a thousand years as one day, it would be no more a violation of law than the folding up of a flower at evening.

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GOODNESS IS SIMPLE BEING.

“GOODNESS is nothing more than simple being;  
All other being is but going-to-be,  
Or going astray from being, going to waste.  
Be not, O good man, proud, thou merely *art*,  
And as the rose may bloom out suddenly,  
Each who is going-to-be may straightway *be*.”

THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVARY.

## THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

BY C. FALFREY, D. D.

WHEN the claims of a day specially set apart for religious uses are urged, they are sometimes met by a protest professedly made in the name of a high spirituality. No part of time, it is said, is more holy than another. No day can be more completely devoted to God than all days should be. Every day should be alike consecrated to his service.

All that is very true, and the Christian Sabbath does not contradict it. It only asks to be consecrated in one way, that all other days may be consecrated in another. The religious life cannot be maintained by one process alone. Its growth is promoted by various methods. Work is absolutely essential to it; work in and upon the outward world; work in accordance with God's plan, and in obedience to his will. That is the staple of a true life. It is a necessity laid upon most men for the sustenance of their bodily life; and if it were not so, some sort of useful activity would be found equally essential to the life of their souls. All such work, in its humblest departments, is susceptible of consecration by a right purpose. The time spent in it may be made holy time. But as the body would perish, if kept in incessant activity, as it needs rest and food to repair its wastes, and recruit its strength, so would the spiritual life die out, if the attempt were made to sustain it by active service alone. It needs seasons of retirement, self-recollection, meditation, and communion with God, from whom all needed supplies of light and strength must come. And just in proportion to the earnestness, diligence, and faithfulness of the outward life, and to the high standard of excellence sought to be maintained in it, is there the greater need of the inward exercises of the Spirit. The divine life of Christ himself was not sustained without this help. If his day was given to his appointed work, the whole night was sometimes spent in prayer.

The Sabbath meets this want. It was made for man. The reason for it lies deep in his nature. It indicates the

proportion in which the two elements of the spiritual life should be adjusted to each other. The six days of labor necessitate the seventh to be given to thought and prayer. In perfect agreement, therefore, with those who bring this supposed objection against a Sabbath, it may be said, let all time be regarded as holy; let every day of life be given to God; let the six days of secular labor be hallowed by the offering of all that the hands find to do, as a sacrifice; and let the hours of the seventh day be also hallowed by devout communion with God, in which we may draw from him new supplies of that Spirit by which all the work of the daily life may be sanctified.

The idea of setting apart to sacred uses a portion of space, as we do in the building of a church, or a portion of time, as in the consecration of the Sabbath, is no delusion. There is no superstition in it. It is perfectly rational. It has its foundation in a well-known principle of our nature,—the principle of the association of ideas. The power of local associations is a familiar fact. If a particular set of feelings was once strongly excited, or was long experienced, in a place, a return to that place, even after the lapse of many years, brings back those feelings in all their original freshness and force. We seem to be carried back to years long gone, and to live over again a past period of our lives. It is this which gives an ideal charm to the scenes of early childhood, and it is this which darkens with sadness a house in which we have experienced great sorrow. We recognize the power of this principle whenever we recommend a change of scene to one upon whom the gloom of affliction has settled down. We avail ourselves of it in the dedication of a church edifice. The idea of such a building is that it shall be a place, all our associations with which shall be religious; which shall be exclusively devoted to worship and religious instruction. Let it be indeed so consecrated by those who resort to it; let them habitually leave behind them, at its doors, earthly cares, thoughts, desires, and passions; let the time spent within its walls be faithfully given to God, and to thoughts of duty, and of spiritual realities; let all hearts truly mingle in common

worship of the Father of all, and the consecration of the church will be continually going on. It will become holier every week. Everything about it will recall thoughts of God and Christ and immortality and duty. The consecration which originated in the hearts of the worshippers will react upon them, and will deepen and strengthen the devout sentiments which they first brought to it; and in perfect consistency with all our most spiritual ideas of God's intimate presence everywhere, and in every human soul, it may still be truly said, that he meets them there, and that it is easier to converse with him there than elsewhere.

There are associations of time as well as of place. The stated returns of certain seasons, the anniversaries of important events, public and personal, have power over our hearts to kindle anew past feelings. Who can calculate the effect of the observance of national festivals, as a means of keeping alive sentiments of loyalty and patriotism? The returns of new years and birthdays, and the anniversaries of interesting crises in our lives, arrest our remembrance, give a turn to our thoughts, and awaken appropriate tones of feeling. No religion that has taken to itself an outward form has overlooked this powerful principle of our nature. All have their sacred seasons. Such a season has been given us in the Lord's day, the Christian Sabbath, as it at present exists among us. How shall we use the gift so as best to answer its purpose?

Certainly it is a good and desirable thing, that, from time to time, at regular intervals, which shall not be very distant from each other, a complete break should be made in the labors, plans, cares, and some of the pleasures of daily life, and an opportunity be given to rest awhile from earthly toils and anxieties, in the secrecy of the divine presence. In so saying, we do not disparage the daily worldly work. Granted, that it is all sacred, all thoroughly penetrated with divine purposes, all susceptible of the holiest uses, still when our bodies are bent in toil, and our eyes are necessarily fixed on the work of the hour, it is not always easy to see this. It is necessary that we should, once in a while, lift ourselves up

from our work, and look abroad, and renew within us the right spirit for our work, by contemplating the beautiful and beneficent plan of which it is a part. This is one use of a true Sabbath of the soul. Whilst we are busily employed in secular occupation, our attention is apt to be exclusively directed to the little portion that is given us to accomplish in the economy of Providence, and to be unnecessarily anxious, as if everything depended on the wisdom of our contrivance, and the energy of our industry, and to lose sight of the infinitely greater part that Divine Providence takes in the affairs of the world, the perfect wisdom that overrules all our plans, and the almighty power that works above all our work, under which we have only to use conscientiously the ability and opportunity given us, and to leave events to God. It is an appropriate use of the hallowed day thus to retire and repose on God, and to look out upon our life from his point of view.

The power of religion over the heart depends in no small degree on the distinctness with which the truths of religion are apprehended by the mind. One benefit of a consecrated day is, that it brings leisure for the study of those truths. It is not desirable, indeed, that every man should avail himself of the day, to make himself an accomplished theologian, or that he should busy himself with the controversies about minute points of doctrine that have divided men's opinions. The vital and fundamental truths of religion, those which have most power to kindle devout affection, to purify the heart, and give a right tone to the character, and direction to the life, are few and simple, and easy to be understood, and yet they are a subject of endless study, because they are infinite truths, and continually unfold themselves to contemplation, and are susceptible of ever new applications to the various conditions and exigencies of life.

Questions of duty, requiring thought and consideration for their solution, must be constantly occurring to one who wishes to live a right life. What is right for me to do, in the complicated circumstances in which I find myself placed? How can I use to best advantage the influence given me over the

- . character or the happiness of my fellow-men? How best employ the means of usefulness placed in my hands? How best fill the several relations in which I stand? These are questions which one who duly feels his responsibility will be frequently asking himself. They are often difficult questions, which cannot be suddenly answered in a satisfactory manner, as they arise amidst the busy scenes of life. They need to be examined in the light of Christ's presence, and determined in the spirit that is generated by devout communion with him. The Lord's day is the appropriate time for considering them.

As of the church, so it may be said of the holy day, we contribute to its consecration by the use we make of it. If we steadily persevere in using the day for the religious purposes it was meant to answer, by and by this powerful principle of association will come to our aid, and will make the day an effectual help to spiritual progress. Hallowed associations will be continually multiplying about it. Its very return will put to flight earthly thoughts and cares, and will bring back the feelings we have been accustomed to cherish on that day; a holy calm will fill its morning air, its sun will shine with a serener light, and the face of nature will smile upon us with diviner loveliness, and we shall find that it is easier to converse with God on that day than on any other. This has been the experience of many Christians, and we repeat, there is no delusion, no superstition in it. It happens through the natural operation of the laws of mind. It does not mean that God is nearer to us on Sunday than on week-days, but that, by a right use of the day, we may be in a condition more clearly to discern, and more deeply to feel his presence.

We can do much to sanctify the Lord's day to our own hearts, but we do not therefore make our own Sabbath, nor could we do so. The institution of a holy day does indeed so exactly meet a spiritual want, that it would seem as if, had no such institution existed, a common experience of that want would suggest the idea of a consecrated day, and would prompt an effort to institute one. But a holy day is given

us. This spiritual need of ours was provided for many long ages ago. Christianity has done for the Jewish Sabbath what it has done for everything else that it borrowed from the old dispensation. It has evoked the spirit from the letter. It has elevated and spiritualized the institution, and revealed higher uses of it. We know not when, or by what authority, the change was made from the seventh day to the first; but we see that it has been made by the providence of God; and by his Spirit working in the hearts of Christian believers, it has been preserved and brought down to this day. It is a part of our religion, and has survived all changes in its administration; it has been most highly valued wherever the spirit of religion has been most deeply felt, and it has been among the most effectual means of keeping that spirit alive in men's hearts. There is no danger of its not lasting as long as Christianity itself. It is an established providential fact. It is a gift of God that will be held most precious by those who are most conscious of their spiritual wants, and most faithfully used by those who are most careful for the progress of their spiritual life.

In the existing Sabbath, God has given us a beneficent institution, such as we could no more make for ourselves than we could create such a world as this in which he has placed us. It is consecrated by the religious use of countless generations. It comes to us already holy, and we have only to keep it so, and to make it so to the experience of our own hearts. Behold this temple erected in time, with which not the most beautiful and spacious temple in space is worthy to be compared. It is a temple not made with hands. It rose up silently, without the sound of axe or hammer. How venerable and sacred! For how many centuries have the prayers and worship of devout hearts been consecrating it! How vast is its enclosure! It covers the whole community. A man may refuse to enter the space temple; he may shun the inner sanctuary of the time temple; but he cannot help finding himself sometimes treading its outer courts; he cannot always escape a sense of its sanctity brooding over him; he cannot live and act within its sacred precincts as he would



elsewhere, for there all life and action breathe a different spirit.

The Lord's day stands up an imposing monument in time, conspicuous in the eyes of all men, a memento of God, of a higher life, of spiritual realities, and it addresses a silent admonition to all men, and brings a blessing to all. To those who have been accustomed to make the highest use of it, it comes fraught with all the rich blessings which are the natural fruits of such use; and to those who do not so improve it, but who, in obedience to the behests of society, pay it the customary respect of outward observance, it brings a blessing also, — the blessing of rest to body and mind, of leisure from toil and care, of opportunity for the quiet enjoyment of family and home. It saves them from the unutterable weariness of life that would ensue, if day after day were given to work and business, with no such grateful interruption. Or if such incessant occupation were found too much for human endurance, and relief were sought, as it too often would be, in irregular and intense excitements, the return of the holy day offers to deliver them from that evil, by bringing to them, at short and regular intervals, an opportunity of tranquil relaxation, which shall be to them a true refreshment from past toil, and preparation for that which is to come. At the same time, the day is to them a religious monitor. It reminds them of God, whom they should know and love and trust and serve; of an endless existence to be taken into the account in all their calculations for the future; of a life to be lived in this world above that which is the immediate end of their daily occupation; of duty, which is to be kept in view in and through all those occupations, which gives to them their deepest meaning and their highest value. Sabbath after Sabbath, as it comes and goes, asks them seriously to give to these subjects the attention which their importance demands, and offers them the needed opportunities of retirement, public worship, reading, meditation, and prayer.

## "WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

"THE MORNING COMETH."

O WATCHMAN, on the lonely towers,  
O'er-wearied with the night's long hours,  
See'st thou the radiance from afar,  
Fairer than light of moon or star?  
Thy call is heard as trumpet clear;  
It tells the promised day is near.

O poet, thou hast caught the strain,  
It sounds in all thy sweet refrain;  
Thou bear'st upon thy soaring wing  
The bloom of a perennial spring;  
With heart and voice inspired anew,  
Thy song distils as early dew.

O worker, in earth's lowly fields,  
What golden fruit thy harvest yields!  
With limbs unchained and spirit free  
The morning beams shall rise on thee;  
In heaven's own light thy garments shine,  
And linked with angel-service thine.

O soul of mine, what sounds of cheer,  
Sin-bound, have thy dull ears to hear?  
What offering brings thy hand to lay  
On altar of the rising day?  
What deed of thine, what pure desire,  
Kindles afresh its living fire?

Our Light, our Day-spring from on high,  
Whose dawning brings salvation nigh!  
On mounts of love we fain would meet  
The coming of thy blessed feet,  
And from their radiant summits trace  
The opening vision of thy face.

A. E. M.

## THE NEEDLE.

BY JOHN F. W. WARE.

I HAVE searched in vain for something which shall throw light upon the early history, the creation, and the use of the needle. Judging from all record, sacred and profane, the habit of household industry and the use of a household implement of the nature of the needle, runs back far into the shadow-land of antiquity, was a part of the economy of very early peoples. Needles made of bone are known to have existed at an early period. Bronze needles are found in Egyptian tombs, three and four inches in length. The steel needle is Spanish, and was introduced into England in Elizabeth's reign. It almost seems as if woman must have been created with a needle in her hand, so essential is it to the very simplest method of living, so closely cling to and revolve about it all the comfort of homes, individuals, even the possibilities of trades, commerce, and civilization. You may subtract almost anything else out of your daily life with less detriment.

Those are very pleasant glimpses that we get in Scripture and classic days of the work and industry connected with this little implement, though the word itself occurs but once, and that in our Saviour's proverb about the camel going through the eye of the needle. You all know that touching incident of conjugal fidelity which comes to us from Grecian poetry, — Penelope, waiting in hope the return of Ulysses, yet obliged to quell the importunity of suitors by agreeing to their proposals when the work should be finished she had then in her hand, which she carefully every night unravelled. It may not be strictly classic, and may be a little strained, but as it was some sort of texture she was upon, some sort of needle is implied. You know the picture the Scripture gives us of the good wife, which, illuminated and framed, would not be a bad thing to hang in bridal-chambers: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She

maketh fine linen. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Refresh your memories by turning to the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. It would not hurt the character or the prospects of the women of to-day, were that word of an old poet to be more nearly the fact of to-day.

These incidents are sufficient to prove the antiquity and universality of something like our modern needle, whose sphere and necessity have ever increased as civilization has spread, until machines have stepped in to relieve the human hand of tasks beyond its ability, themselves creating new demands and achieving wider success, while I believe it to be true "that the best machine is as yet a poor substitute for the supple human hand." Many women hailed the machine as an edict for their emancipation from a household thralldom, forgetting the honor that industry ever hath, and that many of the most seemly household graces, as well as the most irksome of its necessities cluster about the needle. I believe it will be a bad day for woman that sees her emancipate from her needle.

I propose to speak of the needle in various relations. I want to speak of it seriously and honestly, and see if I can get back a little of that old-fashioned but healthy respect for that sharply-pointed and glittering bit of steel which really lies very near to the foundations of that which is most excellent in life and valuable in traffic. Perhaps we shall not get back that pleasant time in the history of the world, when "every woman found, in spinning, weaving, and sewing, in the active labor of a small, or the skilful management of a large household, full employment for time and thought." Certain things civilization, with all its advance, drops from time to time, which separate us more and more from a healthy simplicity, and make life more complicate and artificial. I do not believe the whole glory of the world to be in the past, while, with a good many old things, genuine glory has departed.

And first of the needle as a domestic implement. I hardly dare to say so of it now, but are there not many of us who

can remember it as the household centre? We talk about the old hearth of home, before the days when man's mistake drove it out of being, and gave us furnaces in the cellar, and ghastly stoves, with tainted breath poisoning the air, in the place of the broad-mouthed, healthy, happy fireplace. Without the needle, the hearth could not have been that happy centre. Come with me back to the days when those of us who now begin to wear the silver crown were young. It is evening. The day's work is done. Its hurry and its worry are over, and the first sober sense of rest, as a benediction, has come down and settles about the house. The supper-table is cleared away; the hearth is swept; the fire, generous in log and forestick, is renewed; the lamps are lighted, and the whole family, from the farm, from the counting-room, from the dairy, from the kitchen, are drawn and grouped together in various occupation. What is the centre of that group, what the centre-drawing power? What throws a happy charm over the circle, and sends its life into the whole? Will you count me extravagant, or only and weakly sentimental, when I say that it is not even the mother-presence, but the implement she plies? Let her take a book, let her be listless, let her be sleepy, let her hands hang idle while the evening wanes, and the evening wants a charm, the domestic life is incomplete. It is the busy needle that centres and cements the group, and sends an unconscious life-thrill to all. Subtract it, and you will at once see the fair brightness of the circle fade. It is a great hour in the memory of many when the mother brought her work-basket, and placed it on the table, and sat herself down to the homely mysteries of making and repairing, while the whole group felt the happy, cosy comfort of the hour. It comes ever freshly to me, my mother's face and form, and the simple, inevitable work-basket, and the stockings she took such laudable pride in darning, and myself sitting at her feet, while the dear mother-love was so sweetly and touchingly talking to the wayward boy, planting seed that seemed then for the wayside only and the choking thorn, but a part, thank God, destined for life. I tell you that of all the scenes the twinkling night stars look

upon, there is none sweeter and none holier, and none from which such broad waves of influence go forth, touching and embracing remotest life. The gayer and more brilliant will fade away, leaving the indistinct memories of having once enjoyed them, but such home-scenes abide strong and clear and are a joy that grows forever.

The needle is the blessing of the house. Why is it that so many ignore, ridicule, despise it, think it ungentle, and throw their interests and energies into other things, — things which exhaust themselves, and leave behind no valuable result, no inward satisfaction? Why is it that the simple, homish arts and accomplishments of all kinds are so unpopular to-day? Why are our young people preparing themselves to deprive the children that shall come to them of so many of the surest blessings wherewith they have themselves been blessed? It is too serious a matter not to look into. Every young woman expects to be a wife, and she ought to. Every husband will have a hole in his coat, or a button off his shirt, or a stocking to be darned. Wear and tear begin at once in the best equipped households, and it is the stitch in time that saves not only property, but reputation and temper. I have heard a wife describe the abject misery with which she sat and wept over the first thing her husband brought her to mend. She had dawdled away hours over her needle, had imagined herself industrious over her embroidery, but a button upon a coat! she was not up to that. As children come, the needle is ever in more and more demand. It has no time to rust. It must lie as close to the hand of the mother as the sword lies to the hand of the warrior. Now, how are the young girls of to-day to meet these demands, which come to disrobe the future of its unrealness, and clothe it in more sober as more truthful guise? They cannot all have housekeepers, or keep seamstresses, and if they could, they would shirk the honest domestic duties that devolve upon them as integral part of their relation of wife and mother. They cannot let things go, for I do not believe any one thing so annoys a man — even a slipshod man — as the slipshod indifference or inability of his wife to perform these

household labors. She may be pretty and accomplished, and all that, and he may love her very much; but, young friends, the strain upon a man's affection comes in just the little things of daily life, in matters which not merely touch his convenience and comfort, but those which show a woman's appreciation of her duties, and her ability and willingness to meet them. It is a grand mistake they make, who suppose that what the schools teach is what a woman most wants. She most wants that which is to make her home, — the knowledge of arts called homely, but which are the grandest of arts, and achieve the proudest results. When shall we learn to gauge things by their real and not by their apparent value? I knew a bright and brilliant girl, and at the same time I knew that the holes in her stockings were tied up with twine, for she did not know how to mend them! There is endless crochet and ornamental work, "wisely kept for show," or to meet the fitful fervor that some *fair* creates, — that abomination of abominations, that wolf in sheep's clothing, doing so much to root out the gospel principle and law of charity under the cheating semblance of fulfilling it, — there is a wicked industry and waste in these, which a woman fancies to elevate, and not degrade her, but the sober *duty*-industry of daily domestic demand, a given time in every day devoted to the *real use* of the needle, — is that what our young people are doing? Indeed, are they not everywhere, and in everything setting aside *duty*; where duty is on the one side, and something else on the other, is it not duty that must take the wall? I do not doubt that it is irksome to sit and sew, but is it not irksome to do most things? I do not doubt that a finger which has no needle-pricks may be fairer to the eye, but it is not more honest, or in so much respect, because it is not in the way of its duty. God has given to woman a great blessing in the needle, and she should know it and use it, and bless herself by it, and again bless others.

Now look at the needle socially. You take a set of men and they must have a club, cards, or billiards. They have no earthly thing to do with their hands when they come together, and they are the most useless and awkward of beings



where there is not something active going on, and blessed will be the ingenuity of that man who shall devise something for man's hands to be at in the hours of ordinary social intercourse. They cannot sit down quietly to an evening with ladies, as ladies do. They are only themselves when they have a cigar at least. See a woman's advantage. And what gives it? *The needle.* "Come and see me to-day, and come early and *bring your work.*" Is that only a Northern phrase, and only sweet and familiar to my Northern ear? And what does it mean? Inevitably, just the freest intercourse, such intercourse of freedom as women only have over their needles, and men never have over their cigar or glass. The mother says to her daughter, "Take your work and sit down with me," and that means the very freest, truest interchange of confidence and thought. The father has no such resource with his boy. It is a rather hard and repulsive thing when the father, with all his love, suggests a talk with his boy. Is not this one secret of the mother's superior influence? Is it not to her faithful ally that she and we owe so much? Why, that little thing seems to pick out and point the very choicest bits of inner life, and though one is far from commending all that is said over the needle, what woman does not know that her deepest confidences, her wants, her joys, her hopes, her fears, that the lifting of many a burden, and the sharing of many a thought, the possibility of many a confession, has been over and because of the needle? How many a life history has so been told; how many cherished friendships have so grown and been cemented; how much the young have so learned of elders; how many a mother has made sacred forever to her child the hours so spent together, in the utterance of experience and confidence and warning! To the closest ties and intimacies the needle is the most invaluable auxiliary. It furnishes occasion and opportunity as nothing else. The intercourse of fashion and society, the intercourse of idleness, will not do it. You will know more of another, you will reveal more of yourself in one hour so, you will have a warmer heart and truer friendships so, than in all the other intercourse of years. I think fashion and its absurdities only alienates

and hides woman from woman. The needle draws, reveals, and binds.

And while I own that there may be a something of *too-muchness* in a woman's solitude over her needle, I believe, if she will check her reverie, and dwell upon things wise, in memory or in thought, she may find her needle not occupation or companion only, but friend. There is inspiration in the needle. Men talk about the inspiration of a cigar, but that half-lazy, half-stimulated thought which the smoke of tobacco encourages has no inspiration in it. It does not lead to work. The cigar scatters, diffuses, the needle concentrates. It wakes, rouses, soothes the mind, and the hours which seem a dull monotone of threading and stitching pass swiftly, serenely, not unprofitably. Profitable they surely may be made, in reveries of studies and of books among the young; in searching into a vast and ever-growing field of past experiences out of which one may always evoke healthy help for the future. It is a bright eye and a cheery voice that I have many times heard over the needle, as if the thoughts had been sure thoughts and happy thoughts, as if the heart had been enriched by converse with itself. It is a pleasant sight in a home to see a young face bending upon its work, not as a task, but with a glow that tells of interest. In her needle, God has given the maiden a true companion and friend, one she should not despise. She may tell her needle what she may tell none else but her God. It may in turn tell her what no friend may know, or care to whisper, and she may daily fold her work and put all things in place, with the same feeling that she parts with a friend, and the same hope of meeting again.

No, my friends; no fancy in all this. I do not care who or what you are, or where or what your walk in life; you cannot afford to banish the needle, to be ignorant of its domestic uses, to regard it as a drudge on the one hand, or an ornament on the other. It is not, "*Can you work an affghan?*" but "*Can you make or mend a shirt?*" it is not dainty lace that you want to know about, but household calico and cotton. You will find in the useful domestic arts of home a pleasure

and a profit you will elsewhere seek in vain. I do not believe that I exaggerate one whit in making the needle the centre of choicest influences in the home and upon the individual woman; in believing the whole domestic and social fabric would tumble without it; in asserting that it ministers to wants in the womanly nature, as well as wants in domestic and social economy. Where it is not used, and is not respected, the deterioration of the womanly character is inevitable.

In all this, I do not forget the obverse of the picture, and how strongly Beecher has put it: "I pity," he says, "those women whose staff is their needle; for when they lean upon it, it pierces not their side, but their heart. The devil's broadsword in this world has often been the needle with which a woman sews to earn her daily bread. I think the needle has slain more than the sword."

True — sadly true; but is it the needle that has done this, and must the blame be laid up against it? It is a ghastly history which the needle has upon this side. I cannot go down into the depths of its horrors, but could a sudden flash of light reveal to you all that to-night looks down upon in street and garret and hovel, in flaunting vice, in wasting misery, in gilded tempting, in wearing disease, which trace themselves back to the needle, you would cry out with a bitter cry, such as the Psalmist never knew, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Yes! the graves are full of victims, and there are other graves in which dead hopes and hearts and characters lie. I pity them, — God help them, for alas! man will not, — but the evil is not because the needle is the staff, but because of the pittance that you allow the needle as its wage. Consider it reverently. Reward it rightly, and upon nothing may woman so securely lean. In itself it is a staff to life, to support, and not to pierce the heart.

I wish I knew enough about the relations of capital to labor, to talk wisely upon a subject so vital to the best good of all classes. If the one has rights, the other certainly has its wrongs, and there is nothing in which the wrongs are more glaring, and the rights so atrociously abused as in the employ-

ment of women. I cannot talk about that now. As you will presently see, I do not cast the whole burden of the sin and sorrow that overtake the needle upon the employer, while I do not hesitate to say that there is not an outrage against human nature and human hope greater and deeper than that practised upon the large number to whom God has given the needle as the staff. It is no use to go into facts and statistics. It is true they do not lie, but somehow they do not convince, and all the tragedies that have been rehearsed, and the fearful scenes every one of us knows are being enacted all about us, do not move a Christian community one whit toward the one relief. Men roll up bank accounts, move into big houses, get to be a power in markets, and perhaps make the laws, all whose success is built upon the agony of women's hearts, and it may be the shame of women's lives. They stand a great glory to themselves and a great power in the community, but it is the necessity of woman that has placed them there. They owe it to the needle, and the power they had to tyrannize over it. I saw the other day a petition — I think in England — remonstrating against some change in the manufacture of army clothing, and stating that, poor as the price was, the moment Government withdrew, private parties who had been compelled to pay Government price would cut the wages down below starvation point. I got from the best authority the other day this fact, that for making of garments for which the employer got seven dollars *eighty-five cents* was paid, and the employed said that by rising early, working till midnight, and cutting off her hour at noon, she could earn *seventy-five cents* a day. I adduce this as an example of the difference in profit between the actual worker and the capitalist, so to speak, in a grade of work very far above "*the slop-work*," which is the usual work of the poor, from which the larger portion of statistics is gathered.

I believe, and I suppose everybody believes that capital is entitled to the larger per cent. of return, but it has no right in the eye of God or of humanity, however it be with law and market, to make so fearful a gulf between price paid and price received. The hand through which a commodity merely

passes, between producer and consumer, has no *moral right* to retain all the wage, and we can have no keeping of the second commandment while it is done. Work has its just wage, and he who does not give it, what is he? In another way but in the same spirit, what the evangelist says he was who "kept the bag."

But the men alone are not to blame in this matter, — the contractors and large operators. Woman complains of woman, and her complaint is just, and there is the more harshness on the part of woman, and the less excuse as she preys upon her own sex and desecrates the womanly nature. What are the wages allowed sewing women? What can their best industry do in times like these? Bring the golden rule to bear here. Be reduced to your needle; would you like such pay? I say, deliberately, that the way in which woman squeezes work out of woman is one of the darkest things in the history of the human heart. It can no longer be thoughtlessness. Too much has been said about it. Heaven help us! language was given us to use, — and I say it is *meanness* that does it. You want the money for gewgaws and tinsel; you want the stitches in among the finery, but you don't want to pay any more for them. You are always quarrelling with your dressmaker's bills, and declaiming against the extortion of your milliner. You want the show, but you do not want to pay for it, and you do not hesitate to stoop as no woman should, to receive a gratuity at the hand of poverty, or wring from it a part of the poor wage legitimately its due, that your vanity may be fed cheap.

I have already spoken of the needle as the woman's friend. It is best her friend in poverty. When reverses come, she can always rely on that. Reverses may come to any, and should not woman be prepared for them by knowing her needle, that she may at once, through its fidelity to her, bridge the gap? Its work is always wanted, and is what all women can do. And here comes in woman's injustice to herself. The needle largely fails of being the good friend it might be, because she is not educated to do with it what it can do, and what needs to be done. It is a great perplexity in "putting

work out," that you cannot find those who know how to do it. They have not been educated to it. They have taken the needle as a resort, as a necessity, and they have an idea that they can sew, because they can pull a needle with a bit of thread in it backward and forward through a piece of cloth. As I write this, my eye casually falls upon this sentence of a woman's writing: "It is surprising to find how wretchedly the greater proportion of women sew. They seem to have no idea how to put a garment together with entire nicety. Their corners are badly turned, their hems crooked, stitches uneven, and thread knots prominent. Their garments often look as if a good strong wind would scatter the breadths thereof to the clouds. And what is odd, a seamstress will expect the same wages for a garment badly made as for one put together like wax-work." This is true, and it is bad.

The needle is not a thing a woman is to resort to as her last despair, to look to when all other things fail. It is not a thing bound to give her a living, or which she can all along neglect till the time of her need compels her to take it. The needle is the implement of an art, as much as the chisel of the sculptor or the brush of the painter. An art has to be learned. It is not mere mechanical execution, but needs some head work. Brain must go into everything. Thought and practice produce and perfect it. To sew a seam, a child may learn readily; to fit a garment, to cut out and prepare, and put together and "make go right," easy in feeling, comely in shape, why, that is another thing, — and yet it is the all-important thing. To-day, the crying want everywhere is for women who really know how to use their needle, — women who are above slop-work, — women who have ambition and skill and industry. I believe there is no such sure way of support, respectability, comfort in a community, as for the woman who will set herself about dressmaking as an art, become a skilful, intelligent artist, not in the slang use of the word, but its really legitimate and honest sense. It is lamentable, with all this cry of woman's wrongs, low wages, want of employment, with all this talk — which is too true — about the shame to which so many sewing-women succumb, to

know that there is a wide field of profitable demand into which none are ready to enter. And it is because the home has not made the needle a part of education, dignified, elevated it, as man dignifies, elevates the plough and the pen; because home has not made growing children wise in its mysteries and uses; and it is, beside, because of a want of educated self-reliance and self-respect, which would spur women on to the higher walks of their vocation. Too many will be content with ordinary work and wretched pay, rather than bestir themselves and become adepts in better and more profitable toil; too many will refuse that wise look ahead which will lead them to prepare for the possible contingencies of life. There have been all sorts of free schools opened, even to teach the art of cooking; and I know no public charity better worth undertaking next than that of schools, for adults, — as well as those for children, — where any woman shall, by systematic instruction, be taught thoroughly, one or more of the various higher branches of needlework, where we can graduate them as we do in colleges, fitted to work, fitted to demand and get their wage. Could not the Curators of "the Lowell Institute" inaugurate some such thing, bless themselves and their founder's memory with such blessings as are indeed beatitudes, and put Boston in the van again in a new interpretation of the second commandment? Everything else beyond the amelioration or prevention of poverty must come from themselves, and I believe we should soon see a different state of affairs, while I should trust that trained and disciplined women would come to the rescue of the female form and face, and learn to clothe the one, and adorn the other, by some true principles of propriety and beauty, and not by outrageous taste, decency, good looks, and health.

I would like to enlarge upon the patriotism of the needle, but all that is too freshly in every mind to need a word. Not only was the soldier blessed by it, and a thousand mitigations, unknown before, made possible to him, but I shall always feel that the war did the women of the land a great good, as it compelled them to a knowledge and exercise of that of which they were growing up in ignorance. As the



man flew to his gun, the woman flew to her needle, and there were some very raw recruits at both, while the results of the one quite as much startled the world as the achievements of the other. It is surprising what ignorance was developed. I am afraid the knowledge acquired is not kept bright and fresh by use, and that women are lapsing into forgetfulness of how much the needle honors them and how much they owe to it.

And I can only glance at the needle in charity. In any emergency of want, you may depend upon the needle. The men make speeches, and the women sew; the men lay down the money, and the women embroider and hem; the men go and buy, the women coax and filch, sell and sponge; the men get off with a loss of a little temper, a little respect for woman, a little money, but the woman slaves herself, and throws into the treasury an amount of time and stitching you could not get out of her for any other thing. I was thinking as I wrote this specially of those abnormal pests, *charity fairs*, at which, in a most doubtful form, the spirit of sympathy assists and presides. But there is a better truth, that the needle is a woman's ready and genuine response to any true call. She cannot dig, but she can sew, and if it is some sick neighbor or some poor unknown, or some undoubted good, in city and in village, you will find the ready needle volunteering, and while they sew together tongues are loosed, heart goes out to heart, the glow of a united sympathy warms and cheers. Everybody feels happier and better, a charity of heart goes with the charity of hand, and there is a large blessing comes to those who give as well as who receive.

When I think upon the important part the needle plays, and that scarce a thing would so uncivilize life, as to take it away, when I know that from cradle to grave, in almost everything, to everybody, it is of prime consequence, I cannot but wonder at the dis-esteem in which so many hold it. Is it not alway so with our human benefactors? Is it not so alas! with the divine? It is the old story, the same in everything. "Man is least grateful for all that is most precious, because it is most common." In the old time, honors were

done to more doubtful things, and lesser things have been sung into renown. The plough, the sword, the pen, what have they done more for man, — the brush, the chisel, the spade? The needle is an implement of subtler art and wider range than either. It came before them, and when the arts were unborn, its work had begun. In the glory of the ancient Tabernacle, in whose doorway the Divine Presence stood, behind whose curtains was the ark of the covenant, it had part, and in those world-renowned tapestries and cloths which made the traffic of nations, and are yet the wonder of ages. The ship could not cross the ocean, or the flag fly in the breeze, nor a bit of cloth be wove without it; for what is the busy shuttle driving backward and forward, to and fro, in the loom, but a needle weaving the woof into the warp? Without the needle, no true domestic influence or economy, no real home-centre; the companion, the friend, would be gone; the poor would have no hope, and the rich no means of help, while all the industry so rewarded, and the charity so evoked, could have no existence. You might as well subtract the sun from the firmament, and call it day, as subtract the needle from our use, and call it life. Without the needle, you must forego greater and lesser benevolences, and your churches must sink into nothingness. Without the needle, no sewing-circle, and without the sewing-circle, you cannot have an organized charity, or a Christian church. It is a little thing in the seeming, but in the sum of things it is mighty. You attempt to-day to build a religious society, by the voice or the fidelity of the minister, and you attempt bricks without straw. The needle is the colleague of the pulpit, and at least it always has, what the other sometimes wants, *point*.

Closely, then, with the moralities of home and economies of traffic and the success of faith and the hopes of man is the needle allied. It will not do to despise it, or to think that the use of it degrades. Woman thinks so at the risk of degrading herself. As she forgets her needle, she forgets her nearest duty; as she neglects its use, she neglects a gift of God; as she grows up in ignorance of it, she shuts herself from opportunities of usefulness, and in the day of reverse

entails upon herself a needless woe. A thing which has such capacities can only ennoble, and it is the poorest folly that a supposed gentility is guilty of, that it demands of woman the rejection of that thing in which God has made her happiness and usefulness so largely to reside. Shame upon the society which establishes as laws of gentility that which contravenes the laws of God! When will that which is true and good in the heart rise, in honest might and wrath, against the sham gentility to which so much of the best and finest in man and woman is sacrificed, and sweep its cursing presence and power out of our homes, and out of our land? When shall its slanders and fictions be hushed, and man dare again to bow before the real and true alone? Cunning machinery may do away with much of the pressing demand, or the more heavy and general work, but it would be a sad day for the race when the needle should cease to be the companion and friend and staff of woman, the centre of Christian charity and of dear home influence and joy!

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#### HOW TO BEAR LITTLE TROUBLES.

“If thou canst not life’s trifles understand,  
 And string them with good sense upon a chain  
 That bears itself with ease, as in the air  
 Like to a chain of bees what time they swarm,  
 Or flight of cranes upon the eastern clouds,  
 Or a full wreath of flowers upon the sea,—  
 How wilt thou ever, like the blind old man,  
 Il-regulated one! thy pile of sticks,  
 Not to say all the thousand little boughs,  
 Bear home with thee from the great woods of life!  
 Thou must feel things rest lightly on thy heart,  
 Lightly as on the pine her thousand needles,  
 Lightly as on the oak his heavy limbs.  
 Lightly as man carries his own two arms,  
 Or rosebush bears all its rose-population,—  
*They must grow up out of thy very soul!*  
 Then will great Nature bear them, as her stars,  
 And then, like *thy* stars, will they gladden thee!”

THE LAYMAN’S BREVARY.

## THE DOVE.—A SEQUEL.

On the Raven long I pondered,  
 Musing merely, scarcely wondered  
 That a thing so grim and ghostly  
     Should be sitting o'er my door.  
 Still I sat and courted sorrow,  
 Still from grief a joy to borrow,  
 Brighter day might shine to-morrow,  
     And chase these shadows from my door.  
 Until then I'll clasp the phantom ;  
     'Twill remind me of Lenore,  
 Though I clasp *her* nevermore.

Vision soon began to fail me,  
 Surely, thought I, strange things ail me.  
 Is it death that doth assail me ?  
     Hoped it was, and nothing more ;  
 For the fact is life is dreary,  
 Of the world my soul is weary,  
 All my powers have failed to vary  
     My heart's sad echo *nevermore*.  
 Death by transfer might avail me  
     To meet in heaven the loved Lenore ;  
 Senseless I fell upon the floor.

Soon bright lights were shining round me,  
 Earth no longer held or bound me, —  
 Free as condor on the mountain  
     To upper worlds I seemed to soar.  
 Presently, in dream or vision,  
 I beheld the fields Elysian,  
 Glowing as in fabled story  
     On the eternal, endless shore.  
 More of *fact*, this, than of *fable* !  
     *Fields* I saw, but nothing more, —  
 Nothing of the Maid Lenore.

Was she lost to me and heaven ?  
 Had she aught to be forgiven ?  
 Fears like these my soul had riven,  
     And, if *in life*, I wished 'twere o'er.

Then again ascending higher,  
I caught the sound of harp or lyre : —  
It *might* be but some heavenly choir  
    In praise of Him all hearts adore,  
And yet it touched a chord within  
    That naught had ever touched before  
    But lips and fingers of Lenore.

While these doubts I stood debating,  
Anxiously the truth awaiting,  
I descried a golden grating  
    And an open golden door.  
O'er this portal was erected —  
What, indeed, might be expected  
From the light it has reflected —  
    The ancient Cross our Saviour bore ;  
And a dove of silver whiteness  
    Crowned the cross above the door,  
    Emblems both, we all adore.

Gazing on these symbols holy,  
I bowed myself in reverence lowly,  
When the dove, advancing slowly,  
    Bade me rise from off the floor.  
Since thou canst *speak*, sweet bird of love,  
I fain would ask if here above  
There dwells a maid from earth removed,  
    Known to the angels as Lenore ?  
A radiant, rare, and lovely maiden,  
    Here called — if *this be heaven* — Lenore.  
    " Follow," it said, " to yonder door."

Gently tapping on the lattice,  
A voice within cried, " See what that is ;  
Let me know soon what thereat is,  
    And this mystery explore."  
Opened then the window-shutter,  
When the bird began to flutter,  
And with command these words did utter,  
    " Open wide the entrance door !"  
" It is the dove," the voice replied ;  
    " Admit it to the upper floor."  
The dove then called the maid Lenore.

Like the morn from night emerging,  
While my heart was deeply surging,  
Soon there stood a Vestal Virgin,  
Whom angels, even, might adore.  
Instantly my heart ceased beating ;  
Slowly *she* commenced retreating ;  
Both seemed unprepared for meeting ;  
But *eyes* the heart's true message bore.  
Nerved by this, I clasped the maiden,  
And here eternal love we swore :  
Then said the dove, "*Part nevermore.*"

Startled by an earthly clatter,  
I awoke to conscious matter, —  
Conscious still of date and data,  
Of all that passed while on the floor.  
While I lay in trance or vision,  
Ere I left the fields Elysian,  
I had come to this decision, —  
Distrust the Lord God nevermore.  
Never doubt him, but adore him,  
Love and worship and adore,  
Come what may for evermore.

Hereupon, that croaking raven, —  
That accursèd, cowardly craven,  
Left his perch and lofty station,  
Just above my chamber-door.  
This it was that caused my waking ;  
He was through my window breaking,  
And my chamber was forsaken  
For his own Plutonian shore.  
Heaven withhold him from returning  
To my chamber evermore.  
Echo answered, "*Close the door !*"

A. W.

IRVINGTON, Dec., 1867.

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A LIVING faith is a loving faith ; *how can it but believe in the love  
by which it lives ?*

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF THE LATE WILLIAM  
RATHBONE.

AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED, IN HOPE STREET  
CHAPEL, ON FEBRUARY 16, 1868.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

OF a certain king in the Book of Chronicles it is said that he lived so many years, that he reigned so many years, and that he died without being regretted. Now, this has always struck me as about the most melancholy sentence in the whole Bible, "and he departed without being desired." To have no one to mourn you, — no one to regret you, no one to wish you back again, — means to have had no one to love you. I should not like to inquire too minutely of how many persons who die this is true; but I trust, and I partly believe, they are not very many.

At any rate, it is a grand and speaking thing when the contrary is true; when numbers miss a man, when his vacant place suggests him, when you reach out your hand to feel the wonted grasp, and gather in its embrace nothing but thin air; when you look up, up towards heaven, for the true and genial smile that used to greet you, and gaze on vacancy; when you look out for the friend that was active to help, and see in his stead the silent monument; when you want an example and influence to promote the right, the true, the just, the generous, and behold the shadow of a great name. What God leaves us, then, is a memory, and, if we will, the memory of the righteous may still live; and as we have only a memory left to us, the question for us to ask, is, How may it be most blessed to us?

Now, it does not appear to me that the last or the closing impression of a good man's life, although it may be the most pleasing, is always the most instructive. Certainly it is sweet, and in a certain sense encouraging, to mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, and see that the end of that man is peace. It is well and it is true to say, —

"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest."



It is well and it is true to say, —

" Earth's transitory things decay,  
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away :  
But the sweet memory of the good  
Survives in the vicissitude."

It is well and it is encouraging to mark a close of life at which are present the sear and yellow leaf, and that which should accompany old age, — as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. But how did all this come about? That is the question, the answer to which contains all the pith and marrow and instructiveness of the contemplation. Was it always so? Was it thus from the beginning? We are contemplating results. What was the process? It is very sweet and soothing to look at the end; but what were the means? Now, the instructiveness of a good man's life, and therefore the real blessedness of his memory appears to me to lie in the earlier not in the later years of his life. I want to know how all this was achieved. I see that it was; but how did it come about? It is delightful to see so fine a harvest. He has gone to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season. But how was the ear so fine? how was the harvest so abundant?

My brethren, our hearts are full of the recent general, and I will add generous, — for such a tribute of respect and love from such various parties does honor to the community that rendered it as well as to the man that received it, — of the recent general, I say, and generous offering of hearty reverence and affection that has been laid on the tomb of the late William Rathbone, and I will attempt to add nothing to it. But what, I think, will not be an uninstructional employment of this hour, will be to try to review the processes by which that venerable and sturdy oak grew up; to recall to mind the storms it braved, and by which it was strengthened, — the rains of heaven which drenched it, but by which it grew, — the stiff soil into which with difficulty it struck its roots, but by means of which it got a deep foundation, and was able to stand.

When the late Mr. Rathbone was born, this was the state

of this country and its laws. Death was the penalty attached to numerous crimes, — not only to murder, highway robbery, housebreaking, but to horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, coining, forgery, and to some less heinous crimes. In the year of his birth (in 1787), one hundred persons — and this was nothing extraordinary — were hung in London alone. Two years after, a woman was first strangled, and then fixed to a stake, and burnt before the debtor's door at Newgate. Her offence was coining. Muir and Palmer were placed in irons in the hulks at Woolwich, put to the convicts' labor on the banks of the river, and transported, for petitioning for a reform in Parliament. Gilbert Wakefield (once a curate in Liverpool) and others, some ministers of religion, were confined in the common jails for writing too freely, not against the King, but against the ministerial policy of the day. The impugning of the doctrine of the Trinity was penal. The law of Scotland imposed death on the offence. While freedom of speech was thus prohibited by law, men were permitted by law to kidnap and sell each other; and our black fellow-creatures were stolen in Africa, chained down in successive tiers of low-roofed holds, and such of them as were alive at the end of their voyage, landed in America, and sold into perpetual slavery, by London and Liverpool merchants. The poor of this country were compelled to buy their bread dear at home, when they could have got it cheap abroad. A ruined house or two would be represented by two members in Parliament, while Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham had none of them any.

The Church was full of sinecures, non-residences, pluralities, and abuses of all kinds, and yet insisted that every man should belong to her immaculate community and take the sacrament from the hands of her ministers, or he should not hold any office of public trust; thus no Roman Catholic was admissible to any office of State, to a place in the corporation of his borough, or to a seat in Parliament; no Roman Catholic peer could or did sit in the House of Lords, no Roman Catholic gentleman in the House of Commons. No Dissenter declining the aforesaid conditions could be elected to a

seat in the corporation of his town, be its mayor, or even be trusted with the superintendence of the sweeping of its streets. The national universities of England were closed to the whole nation, except to those who would sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Except to such, Cambridge withheld her decrees, and Oxford her admissions. Day schools for the people there might be said to be none; education for them was generally thought no necessity, and even an evil. Bell and Lancaster had not yet begun their, after all, imperfect work. No person except the persistent Quaker could be legally married anywhere but in a church of England, or by its service. There was no national register of births or deaths. It was understood that to prove you were born, you must prove that you were baptized, and to prove that you died, you must show that you were buried. If a man's father had been the king of a country, we insisted that his son should be king, even if the nation to be governed was of a different opinion; and we went to war to carry out that idea, and in twenty-two years we borrowed five hundred millions sterling, and raised by taxes and spent a considerably larger amount than that in addition, besides the cost in misery, in sin, and in precious human lives. That was the state of things into which the late William Rathbone was born, and in which a large part of his life was spent.

Do you think a man was born into that state of things to make money, to keep his carriage, to drive a flourishing trade in his fellow-creatures, to drown all voices raised to mend that state of things by shouting "Church and King"? He did not think so. Industrious and intelligent, he no doubt applied himself to maintain the outward position in life which he had inherited, to extend and to profit by the legitimate resources of an honest and spirited commerce. But he would have scorned, and did scorn all his life, to suppress a single conviction, to withhold his avowal from a single truth, to refuse his aid and advocacy to a single cause which he believed to be important to the happiness or to the righteousness of mankind. What do you think of a man who for the first fifty years of his life could not be trusted with the humblest

position in the council of this borough? What do you think of a man who went on year after year attending meetings and uttering protests for the promotion of the simplest and now universally acknowledged rights of freedom and of citizenship under the frequent risk of interruption, fine, or imprisonment? What do you think of a man calling a public meeting for the promotion of a simple right or a manifest good, and having difficulty in getting three or four names to attach to the resolutions that were passed, for the public papers?

What do you think of a man attending a meeting of the enemies of justice and freedom, and, having attempted to utter his protest, to be obliged to leave that meeting with his few faithful companions, and being pointed at as he left by the finger of scorn, and pursued by the taunting words, "Count them!"

What do you think of a man at whose father's door, at one period, the carriage of a well-known physician could not be seen standing in the day-time, and who had to visit his patient by dark? That is the kind of man we are talking of to-day! Not the prosperous gentleman, before whom as he walked along our streets, every head was uncovered, and at whose appearance in any public meeting every voice was raised in hearty, loving, respectful greeting. Not the venerated citizen who descended to his grave in the midst of the sincerest mourning and the most unmixed respect that was ever felt or shown in Liverpool.

It may have been decorous — nay, I am sure it was so — to avoid dwelling on such a retrospect on recent occasions, when men, laying aside their differences in religion and politics and philanthropy, rallied to the last farewell; and I grant that it would have been ungracious and unbecoming, at such a time, and in such a varied presence, to have called up any memories that would have excited an angry, or even a pained feeling in those who had simply come to honor and to mourn. But I nevertheless say that it is of the greatest importance to the full lesson of this life, that we should look at its earlier, as well as its later forms; that we should look at the man in

the making, as well as at the man made; that we should examine the interior springs of character as well as the rich and ripe results. We shall be deceived, especially the younger of us, in our interpretation of that life if we merely look at what came last, and omit the study of what went before. That calm and tranquil and satisfied mien, with all life's great objects gained, was not, you may rest assured, the earlier manner. In that earlier manner there was doubtless something of that vehemence that betokens a man thoroughly in earnest,—something of that plain speaking which would not disguise itself in neater phrase, but hit very hard, and held no terms with what it knew was wrong and base. And we are not to suppose that the path of his early life was strewn with roses, as his journey to his long home was strewn with reverence, or that there was always, or in the days of those early and life and death struggles, that secure trust in the respect and confidence of his fellow-townsmen, "that graceful ease which marks security to please," which we observed with so much satisfaction in the later years of life as he walked along amidst admiring friends and vanquished foes. "Of all my early recollections," writes one of yourselves to me, "none are so well retained as that which recalls the pleasure it was to see him at the reform and anti-corn law meetings twenty-five years ago, when, as soon as his venerable head was visible at the entrance, the working people would all rise to their feet and cheer him as he advanced to his place on the platform, showing how well they loved to see the dear old man among them." And it was so, of course, we know, to the last, wherever he showed himself, on whatever occasion, and among what party or portion soever of his fellow-townsmen.

Now, among the admirers of the man and the mourners for his loss, have been numbers who, or whose fathers had, differed with him in political principle, in educational and other social efforts, and still greater numbers who differed with him in matters of theological opinion; and yet, to the honor of their hearts, these men have come forward, notwithstanding those serious differences, and, crushing down with a noble

effort of generous liberality their sense of these differences beneath their feeling for the greater agreement in wider principles still, have passed over what they could not contemplate with entire satisfaction, and have suffered no "but" to detract from the fulness of their eulogies. Whatever his views might be, they said, he held them sincerely, and maintained them boldly, generously, and with good feeling. This is right and magnanimous from them. From our hearts we thank them for it. But it is not enough for us who agreed with him. We are not content to praise his sincerity, his honesty, his manliness, his conscientiousness. We say, in addition to this, that he exercised these qualities with a wise selection of objects, in a wise direction. We say he not only fought bravely, but he fought on the right side for truth and right and God. Many a man doubtless contended against him with equally sincere convictions and equally honest purpose. But the glory of William Rathbone was that he selected from the first the right cause; that he fought from the first to the last on the right side; that for decade after decade he contended against fearful odds; that he was supported only in the unequal struggle because he knew he was contending for liberty, for justice, for truth, for charity, and for man, and therefore for God; and the great blessing with which God finally rewarded him was that he gave him the privilege of living long enough to see that cause successful, and to descend to the grave with the crown of victory on his brow.

You saw the state of things in this country into which he was born. Against every one of those crying evils and iniquitous oppressions he raised his hand, and that hand he never took off them, and never would have taken off them, so long as he had strength to hold it up, until they fell beneath it.

He lived to see Romilly and Bentham and Bingham and Wilberforce and Roscoe, whom he had so earnestly aided or followed, successful in their reform of the Draconic penal code, and in their overthrow not only of the slave trade, but of slavery itself in any British dominion, and subsequently even in the United States. He lived to see freedom of

thought and speech vindicated; the emancipation of Roman Catholics carried; the Test and Corporation Acts repealed; the reform in the representation of the people effected, and, just as he was dying, incredibly extended. He lived to see a great system of national registration of births, marriages, and deaths, free from the petty ecclesiastical obstructions that had previously prevented its completeness and loaded it with exactions and oppressions. He lived to see the principles of a free and national education—which he had with such doggedness, and in the midst of so much opprobrium, ceaselessly advocated and generously supported in this town—almost universally acknowledged. He lived to see the Church relieved of most of its power to oppress,—reformed in its temporalities and administration, and incredibly liberalized in its spirit. He lived to see the principles of non-interference with foreign states in their selection of their own form of government vindicated and widely acted upon. He lived to see restrictions upon commerce to a vast extent removed, and people permitted to exchange with people the fruits of their respective industries, with few comparatively remaining of those unwise and oppressive limitations that had irritated and impoverished the nations.

You see, therefore, it was not merely honesty, sincerity, manliness, which all can see and admire, that shone forth in this man, but the wisdom which saw what was true, the love that felt for human suffering, the indignation that resisted human wrongs, the courage that took its stand by the right cause, however unpopular, however unfashionable, at however low an ebb. It seems to me in the present tendency of society towards a vapid and watery liberalism, which is too often nothing but a cover for the ignorance that will not know distinctions, or the indifference that cares very little either for God or man, but that is willing to think everything that is pleasant to be right, and everything to be relatively true, or all things to be about equally far from the truth, that the contemplation of a man who, with love and kindness and candor and liberality to all, took a decided stand on every important question, and knew very well whereof he affirmed,



is a short, instructive contemplation, and affords a lesson which William Rathbone, although descending in full and almost blinding honors to the grave, should be allowed to leave behind him to the generations that follow him.

You may well suppose that if he studied thus carefully, thought thus earnestly, advocated thus boldly, and supported thus generously the great efforts and causes by which he believed the social and political good of man could be best promoted, he was very far from being less thoughtful, less true, less earnest, and less liberal in his pursuit and sustenance of religious truth.

This is a subject which, from an obvious propriety, has not been hitherto, in our mourning for him, publicly referred to. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that therefore it should not now be referred to. In this reference I think he affords us as fine an example and lesson as in any of the others. I think him as right, and I feel sure that we shall sooner or later (perhaps he beholds the coming harvest from his dwelling-place in heaven) see this cause crowned with the same success as each of the others to which he devoted himself. Brought up in the Society of Friends, of which his father was an honored member, he was, as a matter of course, read out of it when he married out of it. He still, however, would not part from his old friends who thought it their duty thus to part from him, and continued to attend the Friends' meetings, and in the closing years of his life I could always see a lingering attachment to his early religious friends. But his mind had no doubt been led to inquire into the ground of the opinions professed by the society, and to take a discriminating view of them. The result was that, while he heartily approved, and to the last hour of his life practised many of their principles and customs, in theology he adopted the views generally held by Unitarians, and became a regular attendant at Renshaw Street Chapel, under the ministry, I believe, of the Rev. William Hincks. A man more firmly and deliberately convinced of the happiness, truth, and certain eventual victory of those principles, as main principles, I never knew. He watched rejoicingly all the

approaches in the public mind towards the adoption of those views, and hailed with a keen satisfaction the advances made in recent years by the great scholars and divines of the Church of England. He was himself a thorough Dissenter, and I think did not look with much hope or confidence to any establishmentarian form of religious administration. But his heart was as wide as the world. A decided Unitarian himself, and having always in his house the leading denominational writings, reading with interest the weekly and quarterly vehicles of intelligence and organs of opinion amongst us, in addition to publications of a more general kind, he yet refused to limit a single thought or a single charity of his nature to the boundaries of any sect. A sectarian he was not in the slightest degree. He was rather a cosmopolitan. He honored and loved good and able men of every religion. In heart and mind and soul and sympathy and purse, he was a thorough catholic, and never felt himself as belonging to any narrower sect than the sect of good men. His worship with Unitarians was just like the rest of himself,—simple and true. He worshipped with them because he felt that theirs was a worship in which he could most sincerely and profitably join, and that this body, for the most part, were the correctest interpreters of the theology of the New Testament; and therefore, as in all other matters, he acted in this with his straightforward simplicity and singleness of heart, neither looking to the right hand towards the luring of a more popular form, nor to the left at the misunderstanding and obloquy by which his own was sometimes visited.

Finally, there is the lesson that we may derive from his great generosity and charity,—a lesson which I must say this community has known how to point out and to apply with sufficient heartiness and appreciation. But here again we must refer to earlier times. So great were these qualities in Mr. Rathbone, that a certain mythical element has mingled with men's accounts of them, and things are said of him that are sometimes more true to the ideal conception of the man than to the literal fact. Thus it has been stated that at twenty-two years of age he began to lay

aside £2,000 a year for the purpose of giving away. Now, this is unlike him, and is not true. First, because he had not—and I wish young men who may think that it was not so difficult in a person who began with such large resources to do a vast deal of good in this way during a long life, to note the fact—at that time £2,000 a year so to dispose of, and I state this by the authority, and I am sure with the wish of the family, who would dislike any false coloring as much as Mr. Rathbone himself would have done; and, secondly, because a fixed, artificial, prearranged plan of this kind was, in the words of a member of the family (Mr. Thom), “altogether out of character; for though charity was a fixed principle with him, its acts and manifestations were never so. They arose out of the occasions, and they rose up to the occasions, as far as his means would permit,—further than to a man of less faith and love they would seem to admit. Few ever gave more in stated subscriptions to benevolent institutions, and, so far, charity with him was a deliberate habit; but it was an ever-living spring, and its greatest deeds were all impromptu.” I may add to this that they were characterized by a wonderful delicacy. A man of high pride himself and great sensitiveness, he knew how to regard the self-respect of others; and in this, as in all other points of his intercourse with his fellow-men, and in the latter years of his life especially, when surrounded, instead of the earlier conflicts, with a halo of respect and popularity, he was particularly careful not to wound the susceptibilities and self-love of others,—sometimes perhaps almost apprehensively so. Notwithstanding, however, the secrecy and delicacy of his private beneficence, a wide reputation gathered round him, founded on this very fact,—a reputation which extended from private to public life, the echo of which I have heard in the retirement of Wales, and which came back from the other side of the Atlantic, when the contributions from Americans to Irish distress were confided by their generous donors to the care and the distribution of Mr. Rathbone. Of all these instances,—literally too numerous to mention, even if there could be a complete enumeration,—I am tempted, however,

to utter an impossible wish, — the wish that they could be known without, except in the personal intercourse of life, being publicly spoken of, and thus that the veil of delicacy which he himself threw over them might be left, as he would have wished, upon him.

One thing more I must say, to render the portraiture of his side of the character less incomplete. It was not only in taking out his purse and saying, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee," that he resembled the good Samaritan, but in that he himself poured oil into his neighbor's wounds, put him on his own beast and took care of him, thus bringing him even to his own household, where many a one has known the soothing hand and the watching eye in sickness, — from the young to the old, — and where a forlorn, but heroic sufferer, Blanco White, was nursed through an illness, the distressing accompaniments of which would have appalled and staggered all ordinary friendship.

So noble was the nature of this man, that if he made a mistake by which others suffered, he regarded it as a crime, and sought by every means in his power to atone for it accordingly — proving, my brethren, that it is not for the entire absence of mistakes in life, or even defects in character, that men are loved, but for the presence of great excellences and the wondrous grace of atonement. And so, when he himself came to lie on that bed of sickness, from which he was to rise, the Master calling him, to heaven, all that tenderness, love, and unwearied care could do was done for him; and if all the hoped-for success did not attend the means employed for his recovery, none can do better than their best, or act more wisely than their wisest; and he was mercifully saved from prolonged suffering.

Full of years and honors, and surrounded by a united family, he breathed his last on earth, the whispered words issuing from his lips, "Peace I leave unto you," "Let me go."

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WHATEVER God tells us to do, he also helps us to do. Our Saviour, who knows whereof we are made, sends us on no vain errands, sets us upon no unprofitable tasks.

## TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

[MISSION WORK FOR CHILDREN.]

THERE are few, if any, teachers who will deny that more might be accomplished by us individually, and as a united body, were we more in earnest, more awake to our opportunities for imparting the blessings we have received, more deeply conscious of our responsibilities to Christ in interesting those in early life in his cause, and in leading them while yet young to do what lies in *their* power in cultivating the wide harvest-field lying all around, waiting for more and true laborers. For *us*, these responsibilities are to be measured only by the individual blessings and advantages we have received, limited by no *one* place or sphere of action. But referring now, more directly, to our duties as avowed teachers of Christ's truth, we would ask, are we accomplishing what we might and ought, in simply *teaching* his precepts of love and charity, unless we also point out to our pupils the way in which they are to put these precepts into practice, and *open* to them the path of effort? It is true that home is the first and chief sphere for old and young, in which to learn the duties, and adorn themselves with the graces of a self-sacrificing, Christian spirit; and without the *Home* missionary spirit of forbearance, charity, love, and self-denial, of little advantage would it be to seek the wider sphere of duty.

Children, with few exceptions, take pleasure in doing for others. Any little secret plan to surprise and please some member of the family, any service rendered to another, is always an occasion of happiness, and lights the countenance with an unwonted glow of pleasure. Suffering and want they usually desire to relieve; some, prompted by a native spirit of self-sacrifice, others, by a sense of duty, and the desire to overcome selfish inclinations. Now these feelings, if allowed to expand freely in early life, and to find their appropriate *expression*, will grow and strengthen with increasing years; but if left uncultivated, no sphere of action opened to them, the generous impulse crushed by ridicule, or the heart-

less words of a mere cold expediency, — what wonder that instead of an open, generous, loving spirit, characterizing the child's after years, — a narrow, selfish, calculating policy should too often mark each deed, and mingle with every higher motive?

The mind of the child looks beyond the mere confines of his own home. The more loving and true he may there be, the more will there be the secret longing and aspiration to do something for others, — a longing often unuttered from diffidence or reserve. Many a child and youth has anticipated, with an almost impatient longing, the time when he might act independently, and for himself, in order to gratify this very desire to do for others. He may be taught, indeed, that God requires first of all, obedience to parents, kindness and love to brothers, sisters, and playmates, the faithful performance of home duties; but he is still conscious of a want that is unsatisfied, — a want that is not merely an ambitious longing for a wider sphere, but which God has placed in the soul even of the child, that in his own true and appropriate sphere, he may be a helper to others, and in his *early* years, a disciple of Him who "went about doing good."

Upon parents, indeed, devolves the first duty of guiding, training, and disciplining the impulses of the child's heart; but is there not also a responsibility resting upon us as teachers, and a means of usefulness here opened to us, which we have too much neglected? May not *children* be led to feel an interest in the cause of missions, both in their own homes and elsewhere, which they will never lose in after years? May they not be led to *do* something for such, which will secure a permanent interest in the same? for any cause in which we *personally* labor becomes more dear and interesting to us.

Should they not be directly informed, from time to time, of what is doing by our city missionaries and others, — and also be interested in the labors of faithful men and Christian women in distant lands? Should we have to witness, as now, the feeble interest taken by so many in plans for spreading the gospel among the ignorant and degraded, were *chil*,

*dren* impressed with the duty of doing whatever lies in *their* power for such? Would the broad, white harvest-fields be so long waiting for earnest and faithful reapers?

But some may say children have no means at their own disposal; if they want to give to any charitable object, they must ask their parents for money, and so it is not *their* giving. This is the case with some; but we believe that in most of our schools the majority of the children do have, in the course of the year, some means in their own hands, however small; and many, if they really desired, could *do* something for which they could receive some compensation from their parents or others, thus enabling them to feel that they were really exerting themselves, or exercising some self-denial, for the sake of others. If a parent can give a child but one dollar a year, he should have that one, and feel that he *alone* is accountable for its use. We would not be misunderstood. We know that the bestowment of money *alone* is one of the lowest forms of charity, though an *essential* form,—essential to carrying forward many of the wider plans for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, but which should never take precedence of personal influence and effort. Yet if the *child* be unaccustomed to the habit of reserving something out of his own little stores for others, he will rarely be found, in mature years, the open-handed, generous, free supporter of every good and Christian cause.

What, then, are we to do, as Christian teachers of the young? Apart from our teaching in our respective classes, and any personal efforts or plans to interest our pupils in the great life-work of doing good, may not, and could not something be done by us as a united body? Why should we not have, from time to time, contributions among the *children* for some useful purpose, when all would have the opportunity of doing the little in their power; or have a box so placed that, from Sabbath to Sabbath, the single cent might be contributed, unknown to others, thus *opening the way* for the child to give his mite to some good end? Then we would have an occasional address to the children, informing them of what our missionaries and teachers are doing in distant



places, thus interesting them in early years in the great cause of missions, and of the education of the hitherto unprivileged. It is true, we can do but little; can only sow here and there a seed that will bear fruit, but have we hitherto had any definite aim in view, in seeking to quicken this missionary spirit among *children*,—those in opening life? May there not, even now, be those in our schools who need only to have their zeal rightly directed, their efforts rightly guided, to lead them to consecrate themselves *actively* to their Master's work?

We have said we can seemingly do but little. Yet to us, as to the first apostles, is the command given, "Go ye into *all* the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." We may not, indeed, leave home and friends to obey this command. Our first duties, perchance, *may* lie immediately around us; but we *can* obey it, by sending forth others to labor in the fields all white for the harvest. We can obey it, by distributing the printed page, which has quickened our own spiritual life; we can obey it, by the earnest prayer for those laboring amid difficulties and discouragements.

*Really* to feel and manifest an interest in the great cause of spreading abroad the Truth as it is in Jesus, this is the spirit and life we need to cultivate; and if thus cultivated, the young will feel its power and partake of its quickening influence.

"So others shall

Take patience, labor to their heart and hands,  
From thy hands and thy heart and thy brave cheer;  
And God's grace fructify through thee to all;  
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand,  
And share its dewdrop, with another near."

H. M.

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"UNTIL we begin to learn that the only way to *serve* God in any real sense of the word is to serve our neighbor, we may have knocked at the wicket gate, but I doubt if we have got one foot across the threshold of the kingdom."

## LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

He who in mercy makes the sun to shine  
In mercy bids the storm-cloud do his will ;  
And ripens into fruit the life divine  
By turns of wisely-mingled good and ill.

In love, not wrath, our righteous Father-God,  
Smiting his wondering child to bless him, sends  
The dark-robed Angel of the chastening rod,  
The veiled co-worker in his gracious ends.

Smiles the Lord's messenger beneath his mask,  
Rich treasure hiding under pain and loss.  
The meaning of his mission dost thou ask ?  
God's answer read on the transfigured cross.

Wreathed with Heaven's half-hid roses in the bud,  
Behold the crown of thorns, the accursed tree !  
Full many a blessing, dimly understood,  
O stern Adversity, is born of thee !

Come in what shape thou wilt, thou canst not come  
To the true soul unsanctified, unblest :  
Upward still pointing to the Father's home,  
The Father's face, his service and his rest.

Thou makest us know, what else but half we know,  
Our dear friends' love, their sympathy and truth ;  
And so new tendrils, soft and strong, do grow  
To the fond ties that bound us in our youth.

Nearer to Jesus thou dost draw the soul,  
And thou revealest to its opened eye  
Life's great realities and heavenly goal  
Shining through all its checkered mystery.

So out of every Marah healing springs,  
All pure and sweet, come gushing up at length ;  
And He who made and loves us wisely brings  
From bitter woe and weakness joy and strength.

Pours he his bounties from a brimming urn?  
 Stints he their current? Praise him, trust him still,  
 And each new trial to a triumph turn  
 In patient doing of his holy will.

Learn of the Crucified *thy* cross to bear;  
 Unto the end, as he endured, endure;  
 And with the sword of Faith and shield of Prayer,  
 In the life-war with evil, stand secure.

CAMBRIDGE.

W. N.

## I AM THE WAY.

THE way! ah, who could tell as well as thou  
 The way to God, — the way no man hath found, —  
 The way of wisdom spoken of of old,  
 Where joy and peace and happiness abound?

Thou, in thy life, didst show that way to men;  
 Thou wast the way, — the way and thou were one:  
 And though forsaken even by thine own,  
 Thou still didst tread, uncheered, the path alone.

The narrow way of suffering, pain, and death  
 Thou didst pursue, enduring mortal ill,  
 That thou mightst teach mankind the way of life,  
 Obedient to thy heavenly Father's will.

Then to the Father thou didst upward soar,  
 To strengthen sorrowing souls with gift divine;  
 The Spirit thou didst send to guide and help,  
 And make thy feeble followers wholly thine.

Ah, why should men that perfect way neglect,  
 Or, having found, still from it go astray?  
 Is there another path than this more plain,  
 Is there another guide than Christ, the Way?

To whom, O Saviour, may his followers say?  
 To whom, but thee, for guidance shall we go?  
 Thou art the Christ, the anointed Son of God,  
 And dost to all the heavenly Father show.

## MARTHA ELMER'S CONVERSION.

BY C. A. M.

MRS. ELMER was a professor; that is, she had gone through a certain experience of depression and thoughtfulness, had emerged therefrom in a sort of ecstatic state,—probably as much the result of physical and mental reaction as of any spiritual change,—had talked with her pastor, and after a suitable time, had joined the church.

But for all this Mrs. Elmer was not a happy woman. Her husband's means were limited, and they lived in what is called a small way; hired no servants, indulged in no expensive luxuries,—in short, they were saving, frugal people, though by no means stingy in their ways, or small in their ideas. On the contrary, Mrs. Elmer possessed, naturally, ambitious desires and expensive tastes. It galled her to pinch and save where she would fain have spent generously. She liked handsome things, craved beautiful surroundings and lovely adornings. She wanted a piano in her parlor in place of her small melodeon, costly and well-framed pictures where now hung the few cheap prints which adorned,—or disfigured, she scarcely knew which—her parlor walls. She wanted a tapestry carpet instead of her plain Kidderminster. Rosewood furniture was her passion. She would even have fancied liveried servants, instead of which she had none at all.

Mrs. Elmer was not a happy woman because she was not a contented woman. Her heart was at odds with her lot. That beautiful utterance of St. Paul, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content," was not part of her experience. It had not been before she thought that she became a Christian; it was not so now. The fact that it ought to be so had never entered her imagination. Indeed, she rather prided herself upon her exactly *opposite* state of mind. Looking upon her plain surroundings, it rather pleased her to say to herself, "Well, at least I was *formed* for a different sphere; I should adorn a higher

station ; I am fitted for, I deserve, a better fate." Of course, after such reflections, the little plain parlor, the dingy kitchen, and the unfurnished hall looked plainer, dingier, and more bare than ever. But that was not the worst of it. If Charlie came in just then with a torn frock, or Mr. Elmer with dirty boots, she was exactly in the state to "fly out" and say things not very motherly or wifely in their character.

"Though, to be sure, it's not much matter," she added one day, when she felt more than usually out of sorts. "Look the best we can, it's a shabby concern, — the house and everything in it. For my part, I'm tired of my life! Everything is getting worn out, and what there is whole might as well go with the rest. Mr. Elmer, when *are* you going to new-paper this room? You can't put a pin's point between the fly-specks; and besides, it is getting so dingy with the smoke and dust that you can scarcely make out the original pattern. Oh, dear!"

Mr. Elmer, who was, fortunately, a sunny-tempered man, smiled good-naturedly. "Wife," he replied, "you are well named Martha, — 'careful and troubled about many things,' — but cheer up! Next week I'll —"

"Why, that's in my Sunday-school lesson for to-morrow!" broke in little Charlie, "and the rest of it is, 'But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'"

Mrs. Elmer looked flushed and uneasy. "Well done, my little man!" said her husband, half glancing at his wife, — for both had been struck with the passage as Charlie quoted it, and perhaps both had the same thought about it, — "well done! You have learned your lesson pretty thoroughly. That's a good verse, and you must never forget it. Here, take my boots to the closet, and bring me my slippers."

Supper passed almost in silence on the part of Mrs. Elmer. The bread was sweet and light, the apple-sauce excellent, and the buns done to a turn, but she did not enjoy the meal. As soon as it was over, and she had washed the dishes and tidied the room and put Charlie to bed, — her husband having gone to the store for their next week's supply of groceries,

— she took her unfinished mending, and sat down to darn and to think. Pretty soon she arose, went to the shelf, and took from it Charlie's little well-thumbed Testament. It opened of itself to the place where his Sunday lesson was. She read the whole passage carefully and slowly.

"'Cumbered about much serving,'" she repeated to herself; "'careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'"

She shut the book, replaced it on the shelf, and sat down again to her work; but her eyes were blinded with tears, which she had to brush away again and again, in order to see, for the stockings must be darned for to-morrow's wear.

An hour passed, but that hour was freighted with a solemn and life-long blessing to Martha Elmer. For there had come to her a revelation such as, in all her craving dreams of the beautiful possibilities of life, she had never had before. She saw that existence thus far had been to her a miserable failure; that, cumbered about much serving, careful and troubled about many things, she had allowed "that good part"—even the joy and the recompense of a cheerful, abiding, teachable love and trust at the feet of Jesus, the Master—to slip by her, unrecognized and ungrasped. She realized, too, how ungrateful her course had been; how her fretful, repining mood had been a constant rebellion against God's appointments, a ceaseless protest against his disposal of her lot; how, in craving the impossible in life,—its outside glitter and show,—she had missed the possible and real joy and glory of it. The tears came fast and thick,—tears not wholly bitter nor sad, for the sweet dew of a godly repentance mingled with the gush,—and laying aside her now finished work, she kneeled and prayed as she had never done before, committing herself, body and soul, for time and for eternity, into God's keeping, asking for grace to live every day as in his sight, asking for contentment and cheerful trust, for a heart to accept her lot in life as the best that could be devised for her, for a self-denying, helpful, hopeful spirit, that so she might be a better wife and mother to the dear ones

whom she called husband and child ; that, in a word, the old with her might pass away, and the new kingdom of Christ, the reign of love and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost be inaugurated within her willing and repentant soul.

This was Martha Elmer's true conversion. The first had the form without the power thereof. Now, indeed, she had entered upon the Christian life,—a life which, like the path of the just, was to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Now existence had a new meaning, an adequate aim. The little cottage was no longer dark and cheerless and poor in her eyes. Her own happy, contented spirit brightened and enriched it. Her hands, too, no longer clogged by the dispiriting influence of a fretful, repining temper, grew deft and cunning in their work, and, one by one, little household adornings found their place inside its walls. A look of thrift, almost of elegance, grew about and within it, until "Martha Elmer's cottage" became the synonyme for order, contentment, and comfort throughout the village. More than this, Martha herself became a sort of "Mother in Israel" among the simple people with whom she lived. Her pure, sweet face,—for she was a comely woman,—as it bent above the sick and dying, had a benediction for them in its very look of restful and holy love, and her hands a soothing ministry born of sympathy akin to His who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. *For she had learned of Christ*, and her own burdens thus lightened, she could well afford to help bear those of others.

Martha Elmer's conversion was a thorough one. She still loved beautiful things (for grace was never meant to supplant and eradicate Nature, only to ennoble and purify it), but not with the old, covetous, craving desire for possession. Tasteful and rich adornings were as lovely in her eyes as ever, but she had seen that these things were not for her, and the thought brought now no pang with it. So long as she felt that this was the will of God concerning her, so long, too, as all Nature was hers to enjoy,—the blossoming flowers, the singing streams, the blue skies above her head, and God's own peace over all,—she felt that she was not left out in



His regard, who had fashioned her senses to delight in all beautiful harmonies, all lovely sights and sounds. So she tended her simple country flowers, and fed her tame canary, and listened to the brook that sang past her door with a strange and sweet content that made her homely pleasures more to be desired than a king's delights. For she had found that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him, — even the peace of a loyal and contented heart. So finding, she was rich; and having nothing, she yet possessed all things.

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## LEARN OF NATURE TO WORK CALMLY.

“THE stars move on along their giant path  
Mysteriously up, across, and down;  
And on their silver disks, meantime, God works  
His holy wonders so mysteriously!  
For lo! in blossom-laden twigs, the while,  
The bird sleeps undisturbed; him wakeneth not  
That mighty sweep of vast activity;  
No sound brings tidings of it down to earth;  
No echo hear'st thou in the silent groves!  
That murmur is the brook's own rushing sound,  
That sough is but the whisper of the leaves.  
And thou, O man, desirest idle fame?  
Thou dost whate'er thou dost so noisily,  
And childishly wouldst write it on the stars;  
But let that gentle spirit enter thee,  
Which from the sun's noiselessly mighty work,  
From earth and spring, from morn and starry night,  
Speaks to thy soul, — then, thou, too, art at rest,  
Doing thy good things and creating fair,  
And going so still along thy earthly way,  
As if thy soul were woven of moonlight,  
Or thou wert one with that calm spirit above.”

THE LAYMAN'S BREVARY.

## CARELESS TALK.

UNDER this head come many speeches which do serious harm, of which he or she that utters them is quite unconscious. We hear occasionally that children are educated by what goes on around them, and by the talk indulged among their elders, while they are listening unnoticed, quite as much as by their school-lessons. I should say that some of the strongest impressions, and those which practically affect the life, are apt to come in this way.

One of the most fatal mistakes woman can make is made daily in society, in the very midst of us. I would not dare to say that half the marriages a clergyman performs are unsuitable ones. I will say nothing of the proportion of true and false marriages. But I will venture to say that a large proportion of the unsuitable marriages which are publicly or secretly doing harm have grown out of false impressions made on a child's mind by careless speeches. I call them "careless" in charity.

I doubt if many girls reach ten years of age without hearing such speeches as these: "Oh, I am afraid such a one will be an old maid," or, "If you do so, you will certainly be an old maid." A sensible, excellent, genial, single lady of forty is heard to lament over the prevalence of the infatuating German dance. She would say the same thing if she were a married woman; but the only comment thought necessary now is, "Ah, of course, that is because she is an old maid." If a little girl is unusually particular about order in her desk or drawers, somebody will say, rather contemptuously, "How old-maidish you are!"

Both sexes bear their part in this mischief; but those who have least right are most ready with their flippant speeches. I say least right, because courtesy to her sex is what every woman should expect from every true-hearted Christian gentleman; and no man has a right to sneer at her, unless her character puts her below his respect.

Yet a father, with little daughters at his table, will be quite sure that a piece of gossip came from such a lady because

"she is an old maid," when perhaps his own wife and half a dozen of her married friends have been circulating that very story, of which the slandered single lady is quite ignorant.

So, too, a single lady urges a young girl to join some active benevolent society, and the father thinks it enough to say, "Time enough for that when you are an old maid, and have nothing to do but run about and attend meetings." And some bystander will say significantly, "Oh, she'll never be an old maid, don't be afraid." Can it be below the dignity of a religious periodical to allude to such social errors as these? Look at the consequences. Deep sinks the impression into the little girl's mind that it is a dreadful thing to be an old maid. Before she is old enough to know how she came by such an impression, or to reason on the subject, the idea is fixed. Other things come to help it; the fictions she reads,—for even Sunday-school books do often create the taste for novel-reading,—the talk of older schoolmates,—all deepen the sad conviction that to be happy, or even respectable, she must be married to *somebody*. Who that somebody may be is of small consequence, provided he take her out of that dreadful gulf of single life. She may have an ideal—a wise or foolish one—floating in her undisciplined mind; these secondary influences may color it, but with them, we have nothing to do at present. The first, early, and indelible impression works, and dwells, affecting the most important acts of her life. In seeking to escape from celibacy, she may be led to act boldly, or at least foolishly, subjecting herself to deserved ridicule. And in making her escape, she may exchange imaginary evils for real ones.

Many a young woman of fine mind and culture marries a man every way her inferior, rather than risk a life-long celibacy. She cannot but know and feel his deficiencies; she may be ashamed of them, or she may find in him other qualities to respect; but her own culture will no longer be stimulated, and her mind will deteriorate. Harder yet will be the case if she be a devout woman,—for devout she may be, and yet not have strength of mind enough to judge her duty rightly in this case,—hard, indeed, if her husband be incapable of

sympathizing with her religiously. It *may* be that she can help him ; it may be that he shall hinder her ; it may prove that the true joy of marriage shall be defeated ; the two shall never be one.

And alas ! how many ministers have pronounced the solemn words which weld two lives into one, with a secret heartache, knowing that the habits of him who is taking such awful responsibility upon himself can promise nothing but misery to the wife ! And yet no words of expostulation can prevent the sacrifice. It may be that in her simplicity she has learned to love this sinner ; it may be that her family approve, if a splendid establishment await her ; but in many cases, I do believe that she marries from fear rather than from love, — from fear of celibacy rather than from love of the man.

This is not a subject for levity. It is a matter on which the duty of parents is most solemn. They cannot silence idle tongues, or prevent their little daughters from hearing foolish speeches ; but they can carefully guard their own tongues, and can watch for the first symptoms of false ideas on this most important subject. The seed must be caught away before it germinate.

Somehow, mothers are not always the first to know when the young imagination has received impressions on this or kindred matters. But from a gentle, loving mother, who has been thoroughly true to the duty of winning a child's confidence, such secrets will not be kept, and the antidote may be administered as easily as the bane, if the heart has been duly prepared to receive it.

If the little girl has been taught to know and feel joyfully that God orders all things, it will not be hard for her to understand that he will arrange her life just as is best for her. I have seen those who could prepare themselves deliberately for either lot, and look forward without the least anxiety, quite sure that there was nothing for them to do or feel about the matter, for God would send marriage or celibacy, as he saw would be good for their souls, and would give them, in either mode of life, work enough, hope enough, and joy enough.

L. J. H.

## SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

WE have more than once alluded to the "Catholic World," a monthly periodical, published in New York, in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, and singularly distinguished for its sprightliness, vigor, scholarship, good taste, and good temper. Of its literary criticisms the editor of the "Nation" says that "they give greater evidence of honest preparation on the part of the writers than is shown in the reviews published by any other monthly magazine except the 'Atlantic.'" Its leading articles discuss the great questions of the age with a boldness and ability that are refreshing when compared with the timid and whining tone of much Protestant literature.

The advertisement of books published by the New York "Catholic Publication House" gives a hint of the vast extent to which its friends are using the press as an instrument of propagandism. They seem to be fully aware that a new era is opening before the world, and that the millions of their co-religionists, now all over this country taught to read, can be most effectually reached and moved by books.

We certainly rejoice in all the evidence of zeal and wisdom with which our Roman Catholic friends are springing to the use of this great opportunity. If the progress made in the last few years should continue for some time to come, they will rival the foremost Protestant sect in the number, freshness, and ability of their publications. We have noticed, also, a rare skill in adapting presentations of Catholic doctrine to the feelings of this age, and the temper of our people. If the Pope and cardinals at Rome had a wisdom and tact of this kind, it would be difficult to say what they might not do in this epoch of the world.

It is sometimes said that Popery is effete. We are far from thinking so. If Pius the Ninth should have for successor a man who should comprehend his times as thoroughly as have some of the great pontiffs of the Church, — a man who would put himself, at the head of the best thoughts of this age, its science, enterprise, progress, and generous inspirations, he would win an easy victory over the narrow, factious, and bigoted spirit of much of our Protestantism.

We have been led to these reflections by reading an article called "Canada Thistles," in the last "Catholic World." The

writer represents himself as passing a short time with a rural friend, who remarked that the reappearing of old objections to Catholicity was like the persistent life of the thistle, which hardly ever can be effectually grubbed up. He enumerates some of these objections, and comes at last to the editor of the "New York Observer," whose careless statements we have ourselves marked with surprise. He says, —

"The frenzy which instigated the burning of the Charlestown convent, the bloodshed and incendiarism of the Native American movement in Philadelphia, and the Know-Nothing riots in different parts of the country, had been gathered up and nursed long beforehand by preachers like 'The Observer.' They did not know what they were doing, I suppose, but others foresaw and predicted the consequences. Rant is always the forerunner of riot. The periodical excitement on the subject of Popery which breaks out in the United States, like the cholera or yellow fever, has always been followed by lamentable disturbances. The man who makes his living by thundering at the corruptions of the Church of Rome is an incendiary in fact, though he may not be in intention. Of course, it is a pity that men should be prone to anger. It is a pity that we are not always meek and long-suffering and forgiving; that we do not bear reproaches with patience and repay calumnies with good deeds. Our Lord tells us to love our enemies, but only a few of us are good enough to obey him. If all Catholics were perfect Christians, 'The Observer' might shout hard names at us until it was black in the face, and there would be no danger; but there is a good deal of human nature in us, after all, and it is better not to go near gunpowder with a lighted candle. I do not mean to say, of course, that there is danger of our deliberately resenting such attacks. We are far too sensible for that. No amount of abuse would, of itself, provoke us to break the peace. But such calumnious harangues tend first to draw a broad line of distinction between Catholics and Protestants, and keep them apart, which, alone, is a social evil; then they inevitably fill the two parties with mutual dislike, and, in time, drive them to antipathy; the bad feeling gets worse and worse; and some day accident brings about a clash, and there is a terrible explosion, nobody knows exactly how, and nobody knows who is most to blame. All we can determine about it is, to use Froude's words, that it could not

have happened 'had not theological frenzy already been heated to the boiling-point.' I think it is high time that all decent citizens, all honest theological disputants, should set their faces against the Gospel of Frenzy. I am willing to meet any man in a fair controversy, but there is nothing but danger and aggravation in bandying hard names. The only legitimate object of controversy is to make converts, and you can't do that without good temper and honest argument. The apparent purpose of such tirades as those of 'The Observer' is merely to show the preacher's own party how much better they are than the rest of the world. Nobody but a fool could expect them to do any good to the Catholics; you can't make friends with a man by abusing his mother. It ought to be clearly understood that calm theological discussion over points of discipline or dogma is always in order; but atrocious charges, unsupported by a tittle of evidence, deserve no name but that of sheer calumny, and all good men ought to detest them. If Protestant preachers only carried into the pulpit and the editorial chair the same rules of morality which, I am happy to believe, they generally practise in private life, they would observe this cardinal principle, not to publish infamous accusations against their neighbors unless they have personal knowledge of their truth."

—It is related of the great actor, Garrick, that when a preacher once asked him how a sermon ought to be delivered, he replied, that it ought to be with the same pathos of diction and countenance with which you would warn a friend in imminent danger of his life. The "Chicago Pulpit" comments on this anecdote in the following sensible manner:—

"This tallies with that other, although possibly more apocryphal, anecdote, wherein it is related that some preacher or other asked some actor or other why he, the actor, produced more effect upon an audience than he, the preacher. Whereupon the actor replied with that antithetical brilliancy which is only to be found in conversations made to order, 'Because you speak truth as if it were fiction, and I utter fiction as if it were truth.' And here we recall that other equally apocryphal and equally well-worded anecdote of the elder Booth, to the effect that he recited the Lord's Prayer with such 'energetic pathos of diction and countenance' as to draw tears from the eyes of those upon whose ears fell the hallowed words from the debauchee's lips.



"Now, there is a great deal of downright humbug in all this, as every preacher of any experience very well knows. That preachers, like all the rest of human saints, are hindered by human derelictions is a statement we do not, indeed, dare not, call in question; but that any person of penetration is to be duped by such cant as that which is herein above quoted from David Garrick is no less improbable. In order to advocate the importance of elocutionary culture in the clergy, it is not necessary to load them with obligations which they cannot meet.

"To say the truth, we are quite out of patience with this most egregious of all absurdities, the contrasting of the behavior of the preacher in the pulpit with the behavior of the man who 'speaks concerning a friend who is in imminent danger of his life.' Imagine a preacher deporting himself at the sacred desk as he would upon the bank of a lake wherein a fellow-being is going down for the last time! Let any of those who may be influenced by the ridiculous sophistry to which we allude picture to their mind's eye a preacher going through, before his congregation on a calm Sunday morning in May, 'with that energetic pathos of diction and countenance' which would become him if he were in the act of saving a child from a burning building, or rescuing a friend from the clutches of a mob!

"In the first place, there never was a preacher on the face of the earth who could have conformed to the standard indicated in the quotation in question. It would have been and is a physical impossibility. And yet some of the most saintly men, as well as the most effective public speakers the world has ever heard, have in all ages and in all languages been found in the pulpit. The most impassioned pulpit-orator that ever lived was unequal to the task of being equally impassioned upon all occasions and under all circumstances. And there never was a preacher of this school but who did feel and behave very differently when suddenly in the presence of a fellow-being 'in imminent danger of his life,' from what he did when standing in the presence of a congregation, notwithstanding the fact that in the latter circumstance the life eternal was in jeopardy. If any Garrick or Forrest or Booth thinks he can act this *role* which he is so fond of enjoining upon preachers, we can only the more devoutly pray that he might experience that change of life which is essential to his entering on the experiment. And as to those who are possessed of this pre-requisite, and who yet bemoan the dramatic

deficiencies of their preachers, let them not delay in making the experiment. They are all preachers in the most vital and practical sense; they obey the command that is on them, and the commission that is given them; they preach the gospel to every creature within their reach. How is it in their experience? Do they preach according to the standard set before them by the tragedians whom they so frequently resort to for instruction and example in the divine art of saving men? Do they find any difference between the speed with which they run home when their house is on fire and that with which they 'run and speak to that young man' about his soul? Do they experience the same 'energetic pathos of diction and countenance' when they halloo a fellow-being away from under a tumbling edifice as when they warn him to flee from the wrath to come? Does the dramatic action come at a beck, or the comprehensive insight rise at a bidding? Is the fire of zeal unintermittent? Is the faintness of the flesh never too much for the willingness of the spirit?

"And let those of the laity who imagine they could keep themselves perpetually in this dramatic frenzy put themselves in a position to do so for forty-five out of the fifty-two Sundays of the year, two sermons per Sunday.

"Let us say, then, by way of climax to these reflections, that in all our gettings let us get common sense. Let us learn that human nature, like every other nature, is regulated by laws as immutable as the throne from which they emanate. Learning this, we shall learn that neither to the stage, where the actor 'assumes a virtue, if he has it not,' nor to the places of human peril, where instinct impels to a fellow-being's preservation, are we to look for that 'diction and countenance' which become the ambassadors of Him who spake as never man spake, and whose manner of speech is the only example for those who speak in his invincible, hallowed name."

—Rev. Dr. Bushnell has no fears that science is to inflict any harm on religion. In "Putnam's Magazine," the eminent Hartford divine writes as follows:—

"We are to say, Go on, gentlemen, for there is a much larger field to be possessed. As yet you have but scratched the world's surfaces in what you call your sciences. Go deep; for the deeper you go, and the more unsparing your search, the bet-

ter it will be for us. Wrench every subtlest and most secret thing from nature's bosom, and let us have it. We shall appropriate every true thing you bring us, and thank God for it. Only bring us no conceit, as if nature were the all, and science the all-expounder. What you call nature is but a very small affair, compared with God's high spirit empire, and the vast immortal quantities and powers and passions and truths, that build the eternal system it composes. Do not imagine that you are in a commission large enough to include and give you jurisdiction of things supernatural, when your only jurisdiction is of the shell. Be not in haste to put your sentence on the faiths of religion."

—The following is from the "Bible Magazine:"—

"In a Yorkshire village, I knew one Thomas Walsh. It was a favorite opinion of Walsh that the Bible was 'all made up.' He could never believe it was written where it professed to be, and by the men said to have written it.

"Walsh owned a considerable part of a factory, and one year he set his heart on making a very large and fine piece of cloth. He took great pains with the carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, and finishing of it.

"In the process of manufacture, it was one day stretched out on the tenter-hooks to dry. It made a fine show, and he felt very proud of it. The next morning he arose early to work at it, when, to his amazement, it was gone! It had been stolen during the night.

"After weeks of anxiety and expense, a piece of cloth, answering the description, was stopped at Manchester, awaiting the owner and proof. Away to Manchester went Thomas, as fast as the express-train would carry him. There he found many rolls of cloth which had been stolen. They were very much alike. He selected one which he claimed as his. But how could he prove it? In doubt and perplexity, he called on his neighbor Stetson.

"'Friend Stetson, I have found a piece of cloth which, I am sure, is the one which was stolen from me. But how to prove it is the question. Can you tell me how?'

"'You don't want it unless it is really yours?'

"'Certainly not.'

“ And you want proof that is simple, plain, and such as will satisfy yourself and everybody ? ”

“ Precisely so. ”

“ Well, take Bible-proof. ”

“ Bible-proof ! Pray, what is that ? ”

“ Take your cloth to the tenter-hooks on which it was stretched, and if it is yours, every hook will just come to the hole through which it passed before being taken down. There will be scores of such hooks, and if the hooks and holes just come together right, no other proof that the cloth is yours will be wanted. ”

“ True. Why didn't I think of this before ? ”

“ Away he hastened, and, sure enough, every hook came to its little hole, and the cloth was proved to be his, and the thief was convicted, all on the evidence of the tenter-hooks. Some days after this, Thomas again hailed his friend.

“ I say, Stetson, what did you mean by calling tenter-hooks proof, the other day, “ Bible-proof ” ? I am sure, if I had the good evidence for the Bible that I had for my cloth, I would never doubt it again. ”

“ You have the same, only better, for the Bible. ”

“ How so ? ”

“ Put it on the tenter-hooks. Take the Bible and travel with it ; go to the place where it was made. There you find the Red Sea, the Jordan, the Lake of Galilee, Mounts Lebanon, Hermon, Carmel, Tabor, and Gerizim ; there you find the cities of Damascus, Hebron, Tyre, Sidon, and Jerusalem. Every mountain, every river, every sheet of water mentioned in the Bible is there, just in the place where it is located. Sinai and the Desert and the Dead Sea are there, so that the best guide-book through the country is the Bible. It must have been written there on the spot, just as your cloth must have been made and stretched on your tenter-hooks. That land is the mould in which the Bible was cast, and when brought together, we see that they fit together. You might just as well doubt that your cloth was fitted to your hooks. ”

“ Well, well, I confess I never thought of that. I'll think it over again. If you are right, why, then I'm wrong, that's all. ”

— The Philadelphia “ Baptist Quarterly,” for good paper, good print, exterior attractiveness, and calm, scholarly tone, seems to

us to be a model publication. The last number has a leading article on the "Educational Problem in this Country" chiefly in review of Dr. Hedge's Cambridge Address, and Dr. Jacob Bigelow's Remarks on Classical and Utilitarian Studies. The writer puts in a strong plea in behalf of the classical languages, believing that the present danger is that of slighting them, to which Dr. Hedge is led by his taste for German literature, and Dr. Bigelow by his love of science. He says that the experiment of dispensing with a thorough study of the languages has been tried in the *Real-schulen* of Germany, and he indicates the result in the following paragraph:—

"The educational experience of the last two centuries in Germany has proved the superior value of the Gymnasia with their old, rigid course of study in the ancient languages. For general culture, or as a special preparation for all the higher walks of literature, of philosophy, and of statesmanship, no one now thinks of comparing the course of study in the *Real-schulen* with that in the Gymnasia. The superior value of the latter in preparation for the editor's or for the professor's chair, for the pulpit or for the bar, is still more obvious. But it is not so generally known that the gymnasial course, with its *ten long years of Latin and its six of Greek*, is regarded by competent judges as a better preparation for the successful study of abstract science than the more purely scientific course of the *Real-schulen*. This will at first view appear surprising; but the fact has been proved beyond controversy by the fairest experiment. We were reading not long ago in a work, whose title we have now forgotten, from the pen of Baron Liebig, a statement to this effect, that, of the two classes of students who entered his laboratory, — those from the *Real-schulen* and those from the Gymnasia, — the former were at first more expert, but that they were soon far outstripped by the graduates of the Gymnasia, with their superior discipline of mind, with their habits of close logical analysis formed in the study of philology. This is important testimony from one whose impartiality and competency to judge cannot be questioned. Thoughtful men would do well, in the midst of the popular clamor around us, to weigh such testimony carefully. But not in the study of chemistry alone; in all the departments of scientific research, and in the higher regions of the mathematics, those who have been trained in the Gymnasia everywhere prove

their superiority. It is almost too obvious to remark that, for the thorough study of the modern languages with their literatures, the linguistic training of the Gymnasia is not only superior, but is well-nigh indispensable. We cannot conceive how any of the modern languages of Europe can be understood without a knowledge of Greek and Latin. The modern tongues, in their words, their entire structure, and in all departments of their literature, are so intimately interwoven with the ancient, that we might almost as well have a piece of cloth with the warp alone, and without the woof, as the modern languages without the ancient. All these results have been so fully developed in Germany by the experiment of a hundred years, that no one there, of any just pretensions to scholarship and candor, now questions them for a moment."

— Dr. Sturtevant, President of Illinois College, has lately subjected himself to some censure, which the New York "Independent" notices in these words: —

"A 'liberal church' — a church, we believe, without a creed — was a few days ago dedicated in Jacksonville; and although several evangelical clergymen of the town, who were invited to assist, declined to take part in the services, yet Dr. Sturtevant actually lent his presence and voice to the questionable occasion. For this act he has fallen under the severe criticism of some of his evangelical neighbors in the ministry. These fraternal but sorrowing upbraidings allege that there is all the more grievousness in the Doctor's offence because, in the first place, he has heretofore been one of the chiefest sticklers for that orthodoxy which he has thus seemingly compromised; in the second place, he has taught that a sound theology is a necessary part of true religion, and yet by his late exhibition has given apparent currency to the idea that there may still be religion without theology; in the third place, he has himself so positively criticised others for fraternizing with 'liberals' that his recent action seems to imply a kind of confession of illiberality in his own past course; and, in the fourth place, as he is the official head of an institution of learning, he has made himself amenable, like Socrates, to a charge of 'corrupting the youth.'

"Meanwhile, in advance of any final and official judgment upon Dr. Sturtevant's case, we respectfully ask, Why shall not a good

man like the Doctor (who, in spite of his faults, early or recent, is one of the best of men) be allowed to fraternize with 'liberals' as much as he sees fit? Must orthodoxy make a man a dog, and forever keep him chained to his own kennel? Shall there be no mitigation of the stringency of such criticism as the Doctor has just encountered, and which extends equally to all evangelical men who show public courtesies to Christians of opposite opinions? As for ourselves, we freely confess that, sound as we are in the faith, we like the Doctor all the better for his recent aberration. Like a fountain, our sympathy flows out toward Dr. Sturtevant, or any and every man who is under a suspicion of heresy. The best men in the world are sometimes so suspected. In fact (to speak it modestly), we have been suspected ourselves. But the Doctor knows, just as *we* know, that people who hint such suspicions mean nothing by them; that such charges have no other foundation than a mere temporary crossness, ill-will, or indigestion in those who make them; and that the more an honest man is so condemned, the more all good people are sure to love, cheer, bless, and pray for him. Verily, nothing is so good for a Christian man's growth in grace as to have just enough heresy in his views to keep all his friends remembering him in their prayers. Dr. Sturtevant will now have the prayers of all pious hearts; and certainly he will find in these a more than ample compensation for any little vexations which he may now be suffering from the hyper-criticisms of his evangelical critics.

"Let us assure Dr. Sturtevant that, as a refuge from whatever condemnations he may still further receive for his too great liberality of Christian conduct; from whatever sarcasms may be levelled at him by 'The Advance;' from whatever excommunications may be fulminated against him by 'The Congregationalist;' from whatever adverse 'cards' may be published against him by Chicago clergymen; from whatever 'protests' may be recorded against him by the Illinois Association; from whatever beggars' petitions for his expulsion may arise from hungry aspirants who want for themselves his influential chair,—from these and all other persecutions of a vain world we shall be happy to offer to this venerable divine the welcome, fellowship, and hospitality of the columns of 'The Independent,' where, like the Psalmist of Israel, he may enjoy green pastures and still waters; and where he shall find that, though the wicked cease not from troubling, yet the weary are at rest."



— We take the following from the Chicago "Advance." It shows us what is the doctrinal position of the English Congregationalists :—

" 'The English Independent,' the great organ of our denomination in that country, says, it is true that the bulk of our churches hold a faith which may be styled Calvinistic. But in this respect we differ in nothing from the other churches of Christendom; with one exception, every confession of doctrinal faith, which has been adopted by the churches of Christendom, has been based on the great philosophic principles which underlie Calvinism. That one exception is found in Wesleyanism. The Thirty-nine Articles of the English Episcopal Church are our standards of doctrine. But in so far as respects God's sovereign grace, and man's sinful estate,—the two doctrines that distinguish what is popularly called Calvinism,—these Articles embody the teaching of Augustine and of the soundest doctors of the Romish Communion. . . . But, whilst thus confessing to the fact that, like all Christian churches, the faith that is generally accepted among us is the doctrine that is styled by some Calvinism, we wish these two most notable facts to be recollected, and we announce them because they show the spiritual wisdom and catholic liberality of our churches,—virtues which have not been the fruit of chance, but arise from the fundamental law of their communion. First, Calvinism, according to the fashionable conceptions of it, and even as John Calvin has summarized it, has never been the creed of our churches. Calvinism, in its extreme and one-sided developments, had been buried in England in some obscure isolated chapels which have no fellowship with our churches, and in the lower strata of the evangelical party in the English Church, where it consorts with pre-Millenarianism and other crudities. It is wholly unknown in English Congregationalism. But further, even in Presbyterian Scotland, it is slowly passing away. No great living teacher, or dominant school of theology, in any church in Great Britain, can be accused of holding its preposterous dogmas. . . . We have said it is unknown in our churches, and we add that it never has been the creed of English Independency. In the seventeenth century, Howe and Baxter may be regarded as the best expositors of the common faith of English Independency; and in both of these, as in the other great Puritan Independents, we

see the doctrine of human liberty tempering and balancing the doctrine of divine sovereignty. Since that time the traditional faith of our communion has remained the same. Matthew Henry, Doddridge, Fuller, Robert Hall, Dr. Wardlaw, these all alike, with perfect unanimity, represent the doctrine known as Moderate Calvinism.

"Calvinism is not the term of communion in any Congregational church in England. The question in debate between Arminians and Calvinists is left wholly open. If ever it has been otherwise, it has been in distinct violation of the principles of Independency. From the time of Robinson downward, freedom and liberality of opinion on all save the cardinal doctrines of Christianity have been characteristic of our churches. They would not bear the yoke of any human creed. The Lord of the Church alone, they believe, is able to define its law, and his Spirit, in the conscience of the believer, is alone able to interpret it. At the present moment Arminians mix freely in all our churches with those who differ from them, and the only reason that makes Calvinism the common faith is that it commends itself most to the enlightened judgment of the members of our churches. In no sense whatever can our churches be said to constitute themselves upon the ground of their Calvinistic belief."

— Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, has been writing a series of articles for the New York "Methodist," on "Preparation for the Ministry." In a late paper he says, —

"Many years ago I pointed out, in a newspaper essay, what I then thought to be the weak side of the system which educates ministers in theological seminaries. I am of the same opinion still. The weak side of that system is its tendency to put teaching and theological learning above practical training. Here is the starting-point of the difference between the way in which Presbyterian and Congregational churches ordinarily expect to get their ministers and the system which has heretofore prevailed among the Methodists. A young man in one of our churches (Congregational or Presbyterian) seems to have gifts and graces which justify the hope that he may become useful as a preacher of the gospel. Either spontaneously or at the suggestion of friends, he inquires what his duty is in that respect,

and he finds himself called of God to make the ministry his life-work. What next? If he is not already a college graduate nor a student in college, and is not too old to enter on a classical course, he does not begin with preaching, — nay, the prospect of his beginning to preach is a great way off, — he begins to study in preparation for college. After two or three years of preparatory study, comes the four years' course under college professors and tutors, and, after all this, he begins the study of theology.

“Just at the termination of his three years' course in a theological seminary, — in the last year, according to the arrangement most honored, — he begins the composition and delivery of sermons, and at the end of that third year, he goes out among the churches, a regular candidate for the ministry, with, perhaps, half a dozen seminary compositions which he calls sermons. As seen at the first view, this whole course of education is little else than a course of study and teaching, with hardly any mixture of training. How unlike the old Methodist system, which was training almost without teaching! The young aspirant, conscious of his inward vocation to proclaim the gospel, began to preach, in one way or another, with whatever education he had already gained. As soon as his gifts and the evidences of his call from God began to be known, he was taken into connection and appointed to a circuit. He was directed to read certain books which might enlarge his acquaintance with the Bible and with Wesleyan theology; he studied as well as he could while performing his itinerant work; his frequent preaching stimulated him to read and to think, and everything that he learned from the Bible or about it was immediately put to use in his preaching. The contrast between such study as was possible for him and the course of study in a well-appointed theological seminary, or in a college, is, at first sight, so striking as to be almost ludicrous. One of the two systems educates men *for* the ministry by teaching; the other educates them *in* the ministry by training.

“Facts forbid us to hold that either of these methods is altogether and exclusively right. The Wesleyan system has raised up a ministry not only numerous and zealous, but able, — a ministry as competent, in the average, for the distinctive work which Methodism has done and is doing as any other ministry for its own work. It has raised up not only preachers who have been powerful in the pulpit, but some who have become learned

commentators on the Bible, like Adam Clarke, or solid writers of theology, like Richard Watson. On the other hand, the system which educates ministers in colleges and theological seminaries does not make scholars merely, ignorant of everything but books, and with no faculty for reaching the common people. Very many of those whom it has brought into the ministry have shown themselves to be workers as well as students ready to endure hardness, burning with zeal, and abundantly able to command the attention and win the confidence of plain hearers. How much the zeal of Methodism may have provoked them to Christian emulation, I need not attempt to determine; but I may say that ministers who were educated in colleges and theological seminaries are to be found doing apostolic work as missionaries to the heathen in the remotest and most barbarous lands; and I may also say that, in the pioneer work at home, they are found abreast of the Methodist itinerant, and enduring as many privations as he, wherever the frontier is, — on the prairies, on the Rocky Mountains, on the Pacific coast. Facts show that neither the system which educates preachers by teaching them, nor that which educates preachers by training them, has a monopoly of success.

“Each of these two systems, no doubt, has some advantages over the other. I have set the two in contrast with each other for the sake of introducing the inquiry whether another system is possible, in which the *study* of theology, after our Congregational and Presbyterian fashion, shall be combined with something like the constant *practice* of preaching, after the Methodist fashion.”

—In the “Sabbath at Home” we find the following domestic talk on the question, Why Christ came as a babe: —

“‘There is one thing,’ said Wynnie, after a pause, ‘that I have often thought about, — why it was necessary for Jesus to come as a babe; he could not do anything for so long.’

“‘First, I would answer, Winnie, that if you would tell me why it is necessary for all of us to come as babies, it would be less necessary for me to tell you why he came so; whatever was human must be his. But I would say next, are you sure that he could not do anything for so long? Does a baby do nothing? Ask mamma there. Is it for nothing that the mother lifts up

such heartfuls of thanks to God for the baby on her knee? Is it nothing that the baby opens such fountains of love in almost all the hearts around it? Ah! you do not think how much every baby has to do with the saving of the world, — the saving of it from selfishness and folly and greed. And for Jesus, was he not going to establish the reign of love in the earth? How could he do better than begin from babyhood? He had to lay hold of the heart of the world. How could he do better than begin with his mother's, the best one in it. Through his mother's love first, he grew into the world. It was first by the door of all holy relations of the family that he entered the human world, laying hold of mother, father, brothers, sisters, all his friends; then by the door of labor, for he took his share of his father's work; then, when he was thirty years of age, by the door of teaching; by kind deeds and sufferings, and through all by obedience unto the death. You must not think little of the grand thirty years wherein he got ready for the chief work to follow. You must not think that while he was thus preparing for his public ministrations, he was not all the time saving the world even by that which he was in the midst of it, ever laying hold of it more and more. These were things not so easy to tell. And you must remember that our records are very scanty. It is a small biography we have of a man who became — to say nothing more — The Man of the world, The Son of Man. No doubt it is enough, or God would have told us more; but surely we are not to suppose that there was nothing significant, nothing of saving power in that which we are not told. Charlie, wouldn't you have liked to see the little baby Jesus?"

"Yes, that I would. I would have given him my white rabbit with the pink eyes."

"That is what the great painter Titian must have thought, Charlie; for he has painted him playing with a white rabbit, — not such a pretty one as yours."

"I would have carried him about all day," said Dora, "as little Henny Parsons does her baby-brother."

"Did he have any brother or sister to carry him about, papa?" asked Harry.

"No, my boy; for he was the eldest. But you may be pretty sure he carried about his brothers and sisters that came after him."

"Wouldn't he take care of them just! said Charlie."

" 'I wish I had been one of them,' said Constance.

" 'You are one of them, my Connie. Now he is so great and so strong that he can carry father and mother and all of us in his bosom.'

" Then we sung a child's hymn in praise of the God of little children, and then the little ones went to bed."

—The New York "Independent" has the following among its editorial notes:—

" History repeats itself, and so do its blunders. The greatest blunder ever made by the Protestant Episcopal Church was its exclusion, a century and a quarter ago, of the Methodist element from its communion. It might have been retained, but was contemptuously cast off. John Wesley, though remaining a member of that branch of Christ's body till the day of his death, was refused admission to its pulpit. And now the effort is making in this country to punish, to silence, and, if necessary, to drive away its most active and earnest element. The Church is broad. It can admit prayers for the dead in its manuals of devotion; high mass, even, is quite canonical. Its forms and ritualism, its bowings and genuflexions, its albs and chasubles, may put St. Peter's, at Rome, to blush; and the Church has no protest. But let a few earnest men, careless of priest's vestments, begin to care for people's souls,—let them preach Christ's gospel wherever they can secure a patient hearing,—and the Church is scandalized, and proposes to drive from its fold, if it cannot silence, the disturbers of its torpor. Mr. Tyng is condemned; but he is not and will not be gagged. The Evangelical party has been very long-suffering, but it means action. It has not the hereditary wealth of Trinity Church, but it has energetic and Christian friends. Mr. Tyng's single church built up during the five years of his ministry, and earnestly engaged, like his father, in missionary work, contributes for the support of the gospel nearly one-half more than the united seven churches of the five doctors of divinity and the two other untitled clergymen who were presentors or judges at his trial. His church supports him in his course, as does Mr. Hubbard's, in the late more flagrant case of disobedience to the express prohibition of Bishop Clark."

## RANDOM READINGS.

## OLD TESTAMENT LANGUAGE IN MODERN ARABIA.

THE conversation of the Arabs is in the exact style of the Old Testament. The name of God is coupled with every trifling incident in life, and they believe in the continual action of divine special interference. Should a famine afflict the country, it is expressed in the stern language of the Bible: "The Lord has sent a grievous famine upon the land;" or, "The Lord called for a famine, and it came upon the land." Should their cattle fall sick, it is considered to be an affliction by divine command; or should the flocks prosper and multiply, particularly during one season, the prosperity is attributed to special interference. Nothing can happen in the usual routine of daily life without a direct connection with the hand of God, according to the Arab's belief.

This striking similarity to the descriptions of the Old Testament is exceedingly interesting to a traveller when residing among these curious and original people. With the Bible in one hand, and these unchanged tribes before the eyes, there is a thrilling illustration of the sacred record; the past becomes the present; the veil of three thousand years is raised, and the living picture is a witness to the exactness of the historical description. At the same time, there is a light thrown upon many obscure passages in the Old Testament by the experience of the present customs and figures of speech of the Arabs, which are precisely those that were practised at the periods described. I do not attempt to enter upon a theological treatise, therefore it is unnecessary to allude specially to these particular points. The sudden and desolating arrival of a flight of locusts, the plague, or any other unforeseen calamity, is attributed to the anger of God, and is believed to be an infliction of punishment upon the people thus visited, precisely as the plagues of Egypt were specially inflicted upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

Should the present history of the country be written by an Arab scribe, the style of the description would be purely that of the Old Testament, and the various calamities or the good fortunes that have in the course of nature befallen both the tribes



and individuals, would be recounted either as special visitations of divine wrath, or blessings for good deeds performed. If in a dream a particular course of action is suggested, the Arab believes that God has *spoken* and directed him. The Arab scribe or historian would describe the event as the "*voice of the Lord*" ("*kallam el Allah*") having spoken unto the person; or that God appeared to him in a dream and "*said*," etc. Thus much allowance would be necessary on the part of a European reader for the figurative ideas and expressions of the people. As the Arabs are unchanged, the theological opinions which they now hold are the same as those which prevailed in remote ages, with the simple addition of their belief in Mahomet as the Prophet.

There is a fascination in the unchangeable features of the Nile regions. There are the vast pyramids that have defied time; the river upon which Moses was cradled in infancy; the same sandy deserts through which he led his people; and the watering-places where their flocks were led to drink. The wild and wandering tribes of Arabs who, thousands of years ago, dug out the wells in the wilderness, are represented by their descendants unchanged, who now draw water from the deep wells of their forefathers with the skins that have never altered their fashion. The Arabs, gathering with their goats and sheep around the wells to-day, recall the recollection of that distant time when "Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the East. And he looked, and behold a well in the field; and, lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of that well they watered the flocks; and a great stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered; and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in his place." The picture of that scene would be an illustration of Arab daily life in the Nubian deserts, where the present is the mirror of the past. — NILE TRIBUTARIES AND ABYSSINIA.

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#### THY STRENGTH IS AS THY DAY.

"LET no misfortune ever master thee!  
For only strong endurance leads thee to  
The day of bliss. Whate'er can chance to man,  
That he has strength to meet; what he has strength for,  
That it behooveth him to bear, dear soul!"

## A LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

WASHINGTON, *Tuesday, May 28, 1863.*

A CHANGE of "base," from Washington to Fredericksburg, required me to hunt up my clothes this morning,—a negro-boy, George, had taken them to be washed. With some difficulty, found the place. The laundresses in that humble house in "Goat Alley" were an aged woman and her daughter, who had several young children. The house, though small, was remarkably neat and clean. A printed letter, framed and hung on the wall, attracted my attention. It purported to have been written by Jesus Christ, and found several years after his death beneath a large stone. Its origin was obviously Catholic. The younger woman had a fine-looking face and head, intelligent and quick. I asked her if she had been a slave.

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Eleven years. Was sold when a child for only twenty-four years. Was married to a man who had been a slave till after the act of Congress freeing the negroes in the District of Columbia. He was owned in Maryland, and," said she, with some little embarrassment, "indeed, walked off."

I asked if they were not as well off in slavery as now, having to toil and worry to get a living. Had they not plenty to eat, and were they not well treated while slaves?

"Oh, yes; but for one who is well treated there are a thousand not so well; but any way," said the younger, "who would not prefer freedom?"

Up spoke the grandmother, who was possibly seventy-five years of age, with sharp European features, and not so dark by several shades as her daughter.

"Give me freedom, sar, to anything else."

"Have you been a slave?"

"Indeed, I have; but, thank de Lord, Ise free now."

She told me she was mother of two children during the war with England in 1812, and, as she remarked, had devil enough in her then to run to the English, if she could. By this time I found my aged friend was quite ready to talk, and I, being anxious to learn all I could of the characteristics of her race, plied some questions as follows:—

"How did you feel on the 1st of January last, aunty?"

"Oh, glory to God! Ha, ha, ha! I can't tell how I felt, massa. I shout out on de street, Glory to God dat I see dis day. Glory, glory, now! I always thought 'twould come, and now it have."

"What do you think of the new general who has been appointed?" I queried, anxious to see if they had any thought on that subject.

"I dunno, massa. Gen'al Jesus, de Lord, am de Gen'al for me."

"You have heard of the Lord, then."

"Yes; blessed be Jesus, I have him yer," giving her breast a slap with her hand. "I have him in dis yer old heart, massa, an' he make me feel young again."

"How did you get him there, aunty?"

"I tell you, massa. When I lived 'way down yonder, I was hard. I was full of all manner of wickedness. I was the very devil hisself, on'y I didn't never swar. Wal, I hear one of the young massas, John, read in de Tes'ment, at dat place whar it say, 'A man mus' be born agin, — *a man mus'*.' Wal, Ise a woman; but still the question would come back, what dat mean? how can dat 'ar be? An' I axed Massa John; but he say nuffin. Den I axed Massa James, an' he say, 'Aunty, I will tell you. It means we must be born of the Spirit.' Wal, I kinder wondered what he war, and what he war like; but I didn't fine out, no-how. Wal, it gone on dat way for several year; I was in de dark, an' I didn't feel jus' right har;" and she gave her breast a rub with her palm, her body swaying with emotion. "Wal, there was a doctor, — I forget his name, — he come along one Saturday, an' he wanted me to give him a promise dat I gwo to de meetin' next day. I luffed at him, and axed what I want to gwo to meetin' for. Indeed, no I wont. So he left me an' went to massa, an' tell him dat if I want to gwo to meetin' to let me, for I was under strong conviction. I know nuffin 'bout dat den; he tell me after. But massa kep' me a-working till very late dat Saturday night. And den he say, 'Now, Sally, don't you be gwoin off to dat ar nigger meetin' down dar.' Der was a camp-meetin' agwoin on near by. But dat what he say, on'y want to make me gwo, for I was allers contrar and bad. So I gone, and oh, massa, massa, I was born again, and de Sperit, — glory to God, — I got him har, right in my heart whar dey can't take him

out. Dey may cut me, dey may kill me, but de Lord is leff de same. I may die, I do die eberry day, but I get nearer to Jesus, bress de Lord for dat. Now I got de upper hand o' de devil. I don't feel so wicked now, de devil is conquered now by Jesus, yas, Gen'al Jesus — he is my Gen'al, and some day he triumph ober all dis yer qther Gen'al. De end o' time am at hand, massa." And the poor old woman straightened herself up and became eloquent. "De good Book says dat afore de end o' time der shel be wars and rivers o' wars, and haint dat come? Aye, de blessed Lord Jesus hisself will soon come, whan dis poor ole soul o' mine will ascend on high, and be free from all care and sorrow. Glory to God! glory, glory!"

By this time she was shouting at the top of her voice, and tears of joy ran down the cheeks of the happy old Christian, and shall I write that tears ran down my cheeks. It may be weakness, but let me blush not to own the truth. I shook hands and bade good-morning to the happy Christian household, and from the bottom of my heart prayed that every home in the land might be equally blessed, for the Father and the Son had evidently taken up their abode there. One more evidence that the order of God is, not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble; but while hiding the deep things of the Spirit from the wise and the prudent, He reveals them unto babes.

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### THE THREE SACRED RIGHTS OF MAN.

"THREE things belong to every man, which none  
Has any right to wrest from him or harm:  
God's gift of being and of happiness, —  
The help of them who share this life with him, —  
But the third only makes him fully man!  
The right to reverence God and love his children  
In trouble and in death. For without love  
This great house of the world must needs collapse,  
And every human house and human heart.  
Sooner than lose this right, then, lose thy life,  
To exercise it, welcome death itself!"

THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*The Hymn, Tune Book, and Liturgy*, which has been for some time in course of preparation by a Committee of the American Unitarian Association, has been published. It contains seven hundred and forty-four hymns, besides chants, which are either bound up with the Liturgy, or given in a separate form. Its merits over former collections are that the hymns are all set to music, giving the work special adaptation to congregational singing. It must have required much labor and pains-taking. It has very great merits. Its arrangement is excellent, it has a wide range of topic, and it has the inspiration of warm Christian fervor. Many first-class hymns are included, which will be found in no other collection.

The Committee have aimed to meet an average want in the churches, and we presume they have done so. The collection would have met ours better if it had included less hymns by one third, and if the favorite first-class hymns of the other two thirds had been given always without curtailment. Let us have the whole, we say, of such hymns as "Oh for a closer walk with God," whether we sing them through every time or not. Seven hundred good hymns do not exist in the English language, and why should we be at pains to set any but good ones to music?

The Liturgy, so far as we have examined it, we like much. The objection which we see has been raised, that it borrows orthodox phraseology, has not, as we can see, the slightest foundation.

S.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD have published Mr. Giles' eloquent and discerning Lectures upon the Genius of Shakspeare, with a very touching introduction by the author. The purchaser will receive all the book costs him and more, with the pleasure of knowing that every copy sold will help a little to replenish the slender purse of one who is no longer able to win his bread.

E.

*Woman's Wrongs. A Counter Irritant.* By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Gail Hamilton evidently does not share the admiration of ecclesiastical persons which is usually regarded as an unfailing trait of womanhood. We advise her not to go to Pittsfield next summer. The book is full of good common sense done into good strong English.

E.

*Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp*, with an Introductory Essay by R. JEFFERY. New York: Sheldon & Company.

Elder Knapp is a great Baptist revivalist,—fervent, concise, and effective. It appears by this book that he has been very successful in making converts. How made, and to what converted, the following extract will show. It is a good summing up of Elder Knapp.

“When the Church is roused and consecrated, and the presence of the Spirit realized, then pour out God’s truth *hand over hand*; now thundering out *hell and damnation*, until the mountain is covered with fire and smoke, and the people tremble; then ascend Calvary’s bloody summit; bid the smitten people ‘behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.’ Preach Christ crucified; knock out every prop on which sinners lean. Sometimes the prop is one thing, and sometimes it is another. It may be Universalism, or Unitarianism, or morality. No matter what it is; let not one remain, and see to it that the soul build on no other foundation than that which is already laid, which is Christ Jesus.”—p. 205. s.

*The Chimney Corner*, by Christopher Crowfield, is a volume of Mrs. Stowe by Ticknor & Fields. It includes thirteen essays, independent of each other, though related in this, that they deal largely with the woman question, and in topics of special interest to women. Some are of general interest, and all become so in Mrs. Stowe’s freedom of treatment and luminous good sense. Woman’s Sphere, Bodily Religion, or a Sermon on Good Health, How to Entertain Company, How to be Amused, Dress, The Sources of Beauty in Dress, The New Year, The Noble Army of Martyrs, are among the subjects of the essays. s.

*The Ground and Object of Hope for Mankind*. Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1867. By the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, M. A., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. Boston: Wm. V. Spencer, 1868.

We are not always quite sure that we have caught the meaning of Prof. Maurice; but as to his temper and the main drift of his thought, there can be no doubt, and with these we are wholly in accord.

The sermons are indeed arguments of hope, and eloquent prophesyings of a devout and faithful disciple of Christ. E.

*Letters to a Man of the World from the French of J. F. E. LE BOYS DES GUAYS.* Revised. Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.

This is a popular exposition of the System of Swedenborg. It is regarded as somewhat heretical by sound Swedenborgians in some of its statements, and the reader has been guarded against them in this revised edition, but there are few works which the plain English reader can peruse to better advantage who is in quest of the profound truths expounded by the great Seer put in readable and tangible form.

S.

M. W. DODD, of New York, publishes the following: *Elsie Dinsmore.* By MARTH FARQUHARSON. Elsie is a little girl eight years old, pure, sweet, and radiant with goodness, winning the reader's heart. Also, *The Little Fox*, or the story of Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock's Arctic Expedition, containing much information about the frozen regions, entertaining to the little folks, simply and pleasantly told. Also, *The Clifford Household*, the heroine of which is Alice, who was left a motherless child, but by her sweet and loving temper, exerted an elevated and regenerating influence over the whole Clifford household, showing what one beautiful and sunny child-spirit can do. These three volumes we can recommend as unexceptionably good in moral tone and tendency.

*Charles Dickens' Works.* Illustrated. The Charles Dickens edition, so called, is still in course of publication by Ticknor & Fields. They have now issued "Bleak House," in which the abuses, delays, and extortions of the Chancery Courts are brought into judgment. This edition is in very readable print, is handsomely bound in cloth, and has the inimitable illustrations of Cruikshanks.

*El Bib.* Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.

What is the use of giving a title to a book which affords no clew to its contents. "El Bib," as we open and look at the title-page, is on "God and Man by the Light of Nature." As we open farther and read, we find brief essays on Life, Death, Society, and on Jesus of Nazareth. The essays are pleasantly written, but are too brief to get very far into the heart of these great subjects. As far as they do get, the thought is rational and good.

S.